JESUS ALL GREAT

SAN JOSE
CALIF.

Jesus All Great

BY

Father ALEXANDER GALLERANI, S. J.

TRANSLATED

BY

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	JESUS GREAT IN THE SYMBOLS WHICH PRECEDED HIM	7
II.	JESUS GREAT IN HIS INCARNATION AND NATIVITY	19
III.	JESUS GREAT IN HIS NAME	34
IV.	JESUS GREAT IN HIS LIFE	48
V.	JESUS GREAT IN HIS DEATH	64
VI.	JESUS GREAT IN HIS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION	81
VII.	JESUS GREAT ON OUR ALTARS	96
VIII.	JESUS GREAT IN THE RENOVATION OF THE WORLD	109
IX.	JESUS GREAT IN HIS SOVEREIGNTY	124
X.	JESUS GREAT IN HIS MOTHER	138
XI.	JESUS GREAT IN HIS SPOUSE	149
XII.	JESUS GREAT IN HIS VICAR	164
XIII.	JESUS GREAT IN HIS MARTYRS	178
XIV.	JESUS GREAT IN HIS SAINTS	192
XV.	JESUS GREAT IN HIS SECOND COMING	208
XVI.	JESUS GREAT IN HIS DIVINITY	224
XVII.	CONCLUSION. SUBMISSION TO JESUS CHRIST	240

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Preface

Gentle Reader:

In my little book, JESUS ALL GOOD, I drew for you a true picture of Our Beloved Saviour, depicting Him in all the sweetness and mildness of His aspect. Now I come to place before you the thought of His Divine Greatness, that from it you may draw the grace to adore Him more reverently and serve Him more faithfully.

This consideration of His Infinite Greatness must in no way diminish your confidence in Him, nor make your service of Him one of slavish fear.

On the contrary it must lead you to the reverent love and filial service of Jesus Our Lord Who is: "the King of Kings, and Lord of lords." (Apoc. 19. 16.)

Jesus All Great

Chapter I

Jesus Great in the Symbols which Preceded Him

THE royal Psalmist, gazing in prophetic vision upon the future mysteries of the Redeemer, breaks forth into that sublime canticle of praise, the 44th. Psalm in which he celebrates the supreme gifts and glories of the Christ who is to come:

"My heart," he says, "hath uttered a good word: I speak my works

to the King." Under the impulse that urges him, he cries: "My tongue is the pen of a scrivener that writeth swiftly." Fixing his rapt gaze upon the King who is to come, he describes His Divine beauty: "Thou art beautiful above the sons of men: grace is poured abroad in Thy lips, therefore hath God blessed Thee for ever." He proclaims the power of the Mighty One: "Gird Thy sword upon thy Thigh, Oh Thou most Mighty! With Thy comeliness and Thy beauty set out, proceed prosperously and reign!"

And he points out what is the source and cause of His reign. "Because of truth and meekness and justice: and Thy right hand shall conduct Thee wonderfully. Thy arrows are sharp; under Thee shall people fall, into the hearts of the king's enemies. Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: the sceptre of

Thy Kingdom, is a sceptre of uprightness. Thou hast loved justice and hated iniquity: therefore God, Thy God, hath anointed Thee with the oil of gladness above Thy fellows." (Ps. 44. 1-8.)

In these and other such sublime words the prophet's soul was poured out in awe and joy, as he proclaimed the magnificent attributes of the promised Redeemer.

Let us tarry awhile to gaze, as far as our weak sight will let us, upon these grand excellencies of Our King. We shall consider first the promise of the Saviour, and then the symbols that preceded His coming into the world.

On that fatal day, when Adam's sin called down upon his head the wrath of God, a word of grace and blessing was heard in Eden. It promised a Saviour to the human race;

God said to the serpent: "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed: she shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel." (Gen. 3. 15.)

The Saviour was to be so great that the Church, contemplating Him, bursts forth into that stupendous exclamation: "O truly necessary sin of Adam, which was blotted out by the death of Christ! O happy fault! which deserved such and so great a Redeemer!" (Morning office, Holy Saturday)

Inasmuch as the gift promised was so great, it was fitting that it should be long expected, anxiously desired. Forty centuries of expectation were not too long a preparation in God's sight for the fulfilment of the great promise.

From time to time during those long ages, men had been given pledges,

signs, figures of His coming. Their desires were thus quickened, their hopes inflamed, their hearts prepared for the fulfilment of the promise. As the soft light of dawn prepares the eye for the rays of daybreak and these dispose it to bear the splendor of the midday sun, so it is with the Sun of Justice. Before coming into the world in the full effulgence of His shining, He sends forth through the shadows and twilight of the Old Law, rays of light shining gradually more clearly to the hopes and love of our fathers.

The whole of the Jewish law, its temple, its rites, its sacrifices, its feasts and ceremonies, all were nothing but an anticipation of Jesus Christ. St. Augustine says: "If you take Christ from the scriptures of the Old Testament, these pages will fall from your hand without meaning; you under-

stand nothing further, you find no sort of explanation. The whole Scripture speaks of Christ. . . . the whole weight of the law rests upon Christ."

The personages of the Old Testament are speaking figures of Christ. Adam the father of the whole human family according to the flesh, is a figure of Jesus Christ Who has begotten us in the Spirit. "The first Adam was made into a living soul: the last Adam, into a quickening spirit." (1 Cor. 15. 45.)

Abel who bathes the earth with his innocent blood, is also a figure of Christ Who is one day to shed the whole of His Precious Blood for our ransom and redemption. And Abraham, the father of the faithful, who leaves his native country and becomes the head of a people that is to possess the promised land, is a figure of Jesus Who leaving His Heavenly country,

becomes the head of a people which, thanks to Him, is destined to inherit the kingdom of Heaven. Isaac also, mounting the hill of sacrifice, stretching himself upon the altar, is a figure of Jesus, mounting, cross-laden, the hill of Calvary, and lifted up on the Cross of sacrifice. And Joseph, sold at first by his brethren, then mounting the throne as viceroy of Egypt, is also a figure of Jesus sold by Judas, abandoned by the other Apostles, and at last reigning in triumph over the whole world which He has liberated.

And Moses, exposed at his birth in a "basket made of bulrushes. . . . in the sedges by the river's brink," (Exod. 2. 3.) whence he escaped from the slaughter of the other Israelite children to grow up and become the deliverer of his people from Pharaoh's yoke, is also a figure of Jesus. For Jesus, the babe, laid in a manger, on a

handful of straw, is snatched from Herod's massacre of the Innocents to grow up, and become the Saviour, to free the nations from a yet more barbarous slavery than that of Pharaoh.

Melchisedech too, who offers the sacrifice of bread and wine, Jonas who after three days is cast up alive from the whale's belly, Elias ascending to Heaven in a fiery chariot, Josue, Sampson, David, Solomon, and so many others of the holy ones of the Old Law, are all most clear figures of Jesus Christ.

And thus, before He makes His entry into the world, He is preceded in beautiful order by the procession of His heralds. There are the Patriarchs, then the Captains of the people of God, Priests, and Judges, and Kings. Prophets announcing His coming, some prophesying the time of His Birth, others the place, others

the manner of it, all as so many forerunners to prepare the way for Him. All proclaim what the Baptist will later on cry in the desert: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight His paths." (Matt. 3. 3.)

We read of the triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem on the eve of His Passion, that "the multitudes that went before, and that followed strewed palm branches in the way, crying: Hosanna to the Son of David. Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." (Matt. 21. 8-9.) The very same happened at the entry of Jesus into the world. The multitudes that preceded Him were the whole series of the Patriarchs, and the Just of the Old Testament, marching before Him through forty centuries, carrying their triumphant palms and singing Hosanna to the King of Ages. This was the escort preceding

Him. And "the multitude that followed Him" are the Martyrs and the Fathers of the Church, the Confessors and Virgins, of every clime and condition, following one another through twenty centuries to our own day; an escort of honor to Christ the King of the World.

O good and gracious Jesus! how great dost Thou appear to us, seen thus from afar off! What monarch of the world, making his entry into the kingdom conquered by his arms, has ever sent on before him so splendid and majestic a retinue? What captain and conqueror has mounted in grander triumph to the heights of the Capitol? Oh! truly the splendor of Thy greatness eclipses all the lights of earth! Worthy art Thou ten thousand times, that all creatures should adore Thee! "Let the earth adore Thee, and sing to Thee, let it

sing a psalm to Thy Name." (Ps. 65. 4.)

Before Thy greatness, how poor are the genealogies of the mightiest Kings! How dazzling the greatness of a Christian, who can say of Thee: Behold my Father! behold my King! Oh, let us hold aloft the banner of our race, let us not show ourselves, by unworthy behavior, degenerate from our noble origin! "Know, O Christian, your dignity, and from the divine communication established with your nature, let not your conversation degenerate into the old vileness! Remember of Whose head, of Whose Body, you are a member." (St. Leo.)

But in His sight, how small are we? Consequently how strictly are we bound to be subject to Him, to obey and serve Him faithfully! "Be subject to the Lord, and pray to Him." (Ps. 36. 7.)

Another consequence to be derived from the knowledge of His greatness, is that we must praise so great a God. "Praise ye the Lord from the heavens! praise ye Him in the high places." (Ps. 148. 1.) It would need the harp of David to do this aright: The harp of sweetness, of prayer, of hosannas, wherewith to praise and extol the greatness of Jesus, the Immortal King of glory.

Chapter II

Jesus Great in His Incarnation and Nativity

After four thousand years of waiting, after all the sighing of the patriarchs, after the long series of types and figures and oracles behold at last the reality which succeeds the types. Darkness gives way to light, figures are replaced by Him Whom they foreshadowed. The expectation of the nations appears at last to the world. *Christus natus est nobis. Ve-*

nite, adoremus! Christ is born for us. Come, let us adore!

In order to understand the excellence of the Incarnate Word, we must consider Him first in Himself. You will see that He is the greatest of marvels, the masterpiece of the Almighty, the one adequate effect of the extent and might of the divine principle from which He is derived. All other miracles, although above the forces of nature, are immeasurably below the power of God. According to His good pleasure, He could do miracles a thousand times greater. But a greater miracle than that of the Man-God, the Adorable Person of Jesus Christ, even the Omnipotence of God can never perform. The divine Person of Christ is the apex to which the power of God can attain: it can go no further, for nothing greater can be made than a Man-God.

Consider for a moment this truth: God was in Heaven, man upon earth. Between them an abyss, that sin was daily making deeper. In order that the abyss should be no longer impassable, in order that the Creator and the creature might bring to fruition the love that attracted them to one another, behold! in one moment there was the Man-God.

Such was the Incarnation, such was the way in which It came about. There was the earth, sad, desolate, fallen, powerless to do without God, yet sighing for Him with a great and passionate yearning, which attracted, I had almost said created, the Man-God.

And it was Heaven which tenderly, mercifully bending down to earth, created with the breath of love the God-Man.

All that is divine in the heart of

man is found in the Man-God. All that is human in the heart of God is found in the God-Man.

In Him and by Him Heaven and earth, separated by distance, torn apart by sin, have met and embraced each other in an embrace of infinite love.

Yes! after the Incarnation, man loves God infinitely! Adoration, praise, thanksgiving, and love coming from his heart no longer drag themselves along on the earth, powerless and unavailing. In the Man-God they are raised and borne aloft, taking in Him a new ascent, an infinite flight.

In like manner, after the Incarnation, God loves man infinitely. For the sake of Jesus and by reason of the beauty He has communicated to man, God loves man, not only out of His great goodness and mercy, but also with the tenderness of a father for

his son. He loves him with the same love with which He loves the Word Incarnate, that is, with an infinite love.

Since the Incarnation there is in Heaven an infinite love for earth, and on earth, an infinite love for Heaven.

Of these two loves equally beautiful, because both are infinite, Jesus Christ is at the same time, both the principle and the product. He is the expansion both of the love of God for man and of the love of man for God.

Oh! the beauty of the mysteries of faith! When they are unknown they may be blasphemed; when looked at superficially, they may seem strange and unreal. Study their hidden depths; then see how naturally they spring from the heart of man, and from the heart of God. They raise man to the height of his God. They unite man and God indissolubly.

The Word has assumed our human

nature, and made Himself visible to our mortal eyes. Let us therefore contemplate this great marvel which He has wrought, saying with the shepherds: "Let us go over to Bethlehem, and let us see this word that is come to pass, which the Lord hath shewed to us." (Luke 2. 15.)

And what do we see there? A stable, an artisan, a lowly virgin, a sweet Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, trembling with cold, lying on the straw of a manger.

O great God! is this Thine only begotten Son? Is this the expectation of the ages, foretold by the Prophets? Is this the King of glory, the Prince of Peace? How has He chosen to enter the world in such lowly state? For two reasons which reveal the depth of His Wisdom: to win our love, and to teach us a salutary lesson.

And first to win our love, for after

the sin of Adam there remained in his heart, and in that of all his posterity a trembling fear of God. Ever since Adam, conscious of his guilt, fled trembling to hide himself from the Face of God, all his children are filled with the like terror.

So the Israelites in the desert turn in fear to Moses saying: "Speak thou to us, and we will hear: let not the Lord speak to us, lest we die" (Exod. 20. 19.) Manue, the father of Samson, exclaims in fear: "We shall certainly die, because we have seen God." (Judges 13. 22.) And Jacob, when he awaked out of the sleep in which he had seen the mystic ladder, and had heard the Lord speaking to him, said with fear: "Indeed the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. How terrible is this place! this is no other but the house of God and the gate of Heaven." (Gen. 28. 16-17.)

Now, what does Christ do that He may be loved by man? He veils the Majesty that dazzles man, and disarms the anger that terrifies him, coming to him under the form of a man. He hides His greatness, His Divinity, and His glory. "And the Word was made Flesh and dwelt among us." (John 1. 14.)

And how did He become Man? By being born in the state of infancy that He might thus show forth more clearly His Divine Benignity. Would it not have been more seemly, had He come into the world like the first Adam, a perfect man, rather than as He did, a helpless babe? It would seem so indeed. Had He done so however, where would have been the ineffable tenderness of His infancy which has taken our hearts captive? You may go through all the mysteries of the life of Jesus,

you will not find one more lovely, more tenderly touching, than the one which shows Him to your love as a helpless babe. What delight to contemplate Him in the arms of His gentle Virgin-Mother! His little rosebud mouth draws from her pure breast, the nectar of Paradise: while the angels look on with wondering joy and adoration.

But at least He might have been born in the riches and splendors of a kingly palace. Human prudence might even have thought such a course the wisest and have arranged that great monarchs should have been present at His Birth, assembled from all parts of the world to do Him service and honor as His courtiers and attendants.

How far are the designs of men from the wisdom of God's counsels! Had Jesus been born in

splendor and glory, He might assuredly have been feared and honored, but that was not what He principally sought. "I am come to cast fire on the earth," He said, "and what will I, but that it be kindled?" (Luke 12. 49.) He came not to extort from man a timid servile adoration. What He desires is a heartfelt love. He came not to call the rich and the powerful only, but also the poor and the needy, that they might approach Him with confidence. He chose to be born, not in a splendid city, but rather in a poor village; not in a palace, but in a stable: His throne, the manger, His royal mantle, a few poor swaddling clothes, His courtiers, the ox and the ass, "that know their master's crib." Simple shepherds, tending their flocks by night, laborers, beggars, the poorest and the lowliest will go to His cradle.

Let me come too, my sweetest Lord,

with these simple souls. Thou wilt receive me and treat me kindly, and we shall love each other in all homeliness. He thus shows us the greatness of His love. His great wisdom could find no better way to satisfy His love of us.

His Divine wisdom also shines out in the lesson which the Word Incarnate taught the world, by His birth in this humble state: "He emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant." (Phil. 2. 7.)

He well knew that the three wounds, with which the world is mortally wounded are Pride, Sensuality, and Avarice. "All that is in the world, is the concupiscence of the flesh, and the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life, which is not of the Father, but is of the world." (1 John 2. 16.) Before beginning the work of curing these great evils,

by preaching His heavenly doctrine, He would show us the remedy by His own blessed example. Come then, O ye proud! to the school of the Divine Master Who does not yet speak. Know Him for what He is, the Monarch of Heaven and Earth Whose throne is above the stars, upon Whose nod the Universe depends. Unless you had learned His greatness already, could you recognize it in this state of humiliation? Behold how low your God has stooped that He might confound your pride. Bend your proud head before such a spectacle, abase yourself, humble yourself, adore your Infant God: *Venite, adoremus!*

Do you mark the poverty of the divine Child? Look around to note what He lacks. He has nothing, neither house nor hearth nor clothes nor comforts nor the necessaries of life. He preaches to the poor, bidding

them not to complain of their condition, rather to glory in it, seeing that the Incarnate God has chosen it for Himself. He preaches to the rich, that they should not despise the poor but, on the contrary, that they should respect and succor them, seeing in them the image of their Redeemer.

He preaches to all that we should keep our hearts detached from the perishable goods of this world, attaching ourselves instead to those lasting goods which throughout the ages will be ours. Take to heart these lessons which the Infant Jesus teaches us by His example. Adore Him, and strive to imitate Him. *Venite, adoremus!*

But the more the Divine Word humbles Himself, so much the more His Heavenly Father delights in manifesting His greatness. Behold the Angels sur-

round the humble stable, praising God and saying: "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will." (Luke 2. 13-14.) The false gods are struck dumb at the sound of the Infant's voice, their lying oracles are no longer heard. Behold the Magi, coming from the far East to adore at His crib. That crib will one day be enshrined in one of Rome's grandest basilicas, and will there receive from the multitudes, flocking to it from the ends of the earth, more royal honors than any ever paid to Cæsar's imperial throne.

Enter into the stable, with the Eastern Kings. See how Faith opens their eyes, enabling them to see in the sweet Child lying on the straw of the manger, the Great God Who from His awful Throne rules the Universe. At their coming a joyful light shines on the Infant's Face;

His sweet Lips are parted in a tender smile. And the wise men are filled with unknown awe and love. "And falling down they adored Him, and opening their treasures, they offered Him gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh." (Matt. 2. 11.)

Chapter III

Jesus Great in His Name

"And after eight days were accomplished, that the Child should be circumcized, His name was called Jesus, which was called by the Angel, before He was conceived in the womb." (Luke 2. 21.)

With reason was this Name chosen by God for the Divine Child: for God alone can understand all the mysteries contained in this Blessed Name.

And what does the name Jesus mean? It means Saviour. Applied to

the Incarnate Word of God, it means indeed a Divine Saviour, One and only—Who is to redeem the whole world from the slavery of Hell: "Thou shalt call His Name Jesus. For He shall save His people from their sins." (Matt. 1. 21.)

The name of Saviour was also given to others; Joseph was called the Saviour of the people, for he had saved them from the famine. Josue also, for, fighting he had saved his people Israel; also the son of Serach, and Moses, and Samson, and David, and many others.

But what comparison is there between them and the Word Incarnate? They saved but one people—Jesus saved the whole human race. They saved their people from famine or from war or pestilence or from other bodily evils; Jesus saved men from the eternal hunger of the soul, from the

war of Lucifer, from the pestilence of sin, and from all evils which are the consequence of sin. And for how long a time did they save their people? The salvation they wrought for their people lasted but a short time, hardly more than a generation. But Jesus saved all the generations which had preceded Him, as well as those that were to come after Him, till the end of time. Therefore to Him alone belong in their fullest extent and meaning the name and glory of Saviour. "Thou shalt call His Name Jesus!"

If the heroes of the Old Testament are eclipsed in His presence, what becomes of the lesser heroes of story? The Scipios, with their proud titles of Africanus and Asiaticus; and the conquerors who take their names from the cities in smoking ruins, and the devastated provinces they leave behind on their victorious way? Are

they fair, those laurel wreaths with which their brows are decked, growing as they do out of so much woe and evil, and dripping blood and tears? Is it flattering to a man's memory that he should be handed down to posterity, with a name sullied by such fearful deeds?

But the Name of Jesus holds no such sad remembrance. It brings to mind His lovely triumphs, His peaceful victories, the sweet record of captives set free, of slaves redeemed, of sinners saved from everlasting death. O Name to be evermore adored and praised! "Blessed be the Name of the Lord, from henceforth, now, and for ever." (Ps. 112. 2.)

The chief glory of His Name is that it explains the double nature of the Incarnate Word. In fact, to be Jesus, a Saviour, in the fullest meaning of the word, to save the

whole world from the justly deserved wrath of God, required Him to be nothing less than a Man-God. He must be a Man so that He might give to the Divine Justice the satisfaction owed by the guilty. He must be a God also, that to the satisfaction He might impart infinite value, equalling it to the offense. Hence, the Name of Jesus is not only equal to the name of God, but It also embraces the Divine and Human Nature of the Word made Flesh, together with the Mysteries proceeding from the Incarnation.

You can now understand why the Eternal Father, by means of the unknowing Roman Governor, would have that divine Name written in three languages, upon the glorious Tree of the Cross: Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews. The Cross was His victorious standard, the inscription was

to announce to the whole world the victory of the Saviour, and the new reign He had inaugurated. "Regnavit a ligno Deus." God hath reigned from the tree. (Vexilla regis)

You can now also understand why the church, in her ritual, pays more homage to the Name of Jesus than to that of God. The faithful also bow the head at the Name of Jesus, which they do not when using the name of God. For this reason that the name of God means to us the Divine Nature, while the name of Jesus, while also denoting the Divine Nature, recalls to us, the Most Sacred Humanity assumed by God for our salvation. It means the Divine Mediator through Whom Justice and Peace have kissed each other, through Whom has been granted to mankind the great blessing of Redemption. The Church exclaims: "O happy fault! which de-

served to possess so great a Redeemer!" (Morning office of Holy Saturday)

If this Name is so great in Itself, we can easily understand how powerful and how far reaching It must be in Its effects. See the lame man at the Temple gate, asking alms of the passers by. No sooner had Peter taken him by the hand saying: "Silver and gold have I none: but what I have"—mark his faith in his Master's Name—"I give thee! In the Name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, arise and walk." . . . . .then "he leaping up stood, and walked, and went in with them into the Temple, walking and leaping and praising God." (Acts. 3. 6, 8.)

Consider Saul on his way to Damascus, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord." Hardly has he heard these words: "I am Jesus, Whom thou persecutest," than "trembling and aston-

ished" he cries: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" (Acts. 9. 1, 5, 6.) From a persecutor he became an apostle, and as Jesus Himself testified: "This man is to me a vessel of election to carry my Name before the Gentiles and Kings and the children of Israel." (Acts. 9. 15.) Jesus promised that His Name invoked by His servants should work wonders: "In my name they shall cast out devils: they shall speak with new tongues, ... they shall lay their hands upon the sick, and they shall recover." (Mark 16. 17, 18.)

What marvel that all creatures obey Him and tremble at His Name when even the devils of the abyss are cast out by Its power? It reminds Lucifer and his companions of their ancient defeat. At the sound of that Name they needs must fly in terror from the places they infest, from the

bodies they have possessed, from the souls in which they have reigned, back to the bottomless pit. "In my name they shall cast out devils."

If the fear that this Name strikes into the devils is great, no less great is the vigor It infuses into the just. Why did the apostles leave the presence of the council rejoicing, after they had been reviled and scourged and commanded to desist from preaching that Name? Because it was a glory to them that "they were accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the Name of Jesus." (Acts 5. 41.) What nerved the Martyrs to brave unflinching the fury of the tyrants? It was the Name of Jesus which was ever on their lips. What strengthens the troops of delicate virgins to oppose with such magnanimous resistance all the attacks of the world and the flesh? It is the Name of Jesus written on their

brow. Who dare touch them, shielded under that strong buckler?

There is no evil from which this Name does not deliver, no peril from which It does not guard, no grace which It does not obtain. "Whatsoever you shall ask the Father in My Name, that will I do." (John 14. 13.) And its sweetness is equal to its efficacy. St. Bernard's pen writing of this sweet name seems dipped in honey. "This Name," he says, "is such a divine balsam that It heals every wound, soothes every pain, sweetens every pang. Is any one sad or afflicted? Let Jesus come into his heart, and rise to his lips, and lo! every cloud is dispersed, the heart is again at peace. Do you need food? He is the salutary nourishment of your soul. Are you weary? He is your rest. Are you engaged in a bitter warfare? He will be your crown.

Are you sick? He is your physician. Do you fear death? He is life. Do you long for heaven? He is the Way that leads you there. How dry is your spiritual food, unless moistened by this oil! How insipid, unless seasoned with this salt! No book pleases me, unless I read Jesus therein. No speaking charms me, unless throughout, I hear His voice. O Jesus, Thou art honey to my mouth, melody to my ear, joy to my heart!" (St. Bernard)

Have you not yourself felt a thousand times the sweetness of this Name? In painful straits, in achings of the heart, in moments of joy or fear or ardent affection, has not this Name risen to your lips, and comforted and calmed your soul?

Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast,

But sweeter far, Thy Face to see
And in Thy presence rest!
(*St. Bernard*)

What homage, then, must we pay to this great Name? The first is to make it efficacious and fruitful in our souls. The other names given to God in Holy Writ depend in no wise upon us. Independently of us, He is our Creator and lawgiver, our sovereign, our judge. Not so with the Name of Jesus. Without us, He cannot be really our Jesus, our Saviour. Why? Because, as St. Augustine says He has created us without our concurrence, He will not save us without our concurrence.

What are you doing, O foolish soul! when, careless of your salvation, you sin and lose yourself eternally? While doing yourself irreparable harm, you are also deeply outraging the Word

Incarnate. As far as you can, you are robbing Him of His glorious Name of Saviour. By rendering It useless in your regard, you prevent It from having the fulness of Its divine meaning. Can Jesus see unmoved His designs frustrated, His labors, His sufferings, His blood, of no avail? Woe to the unhappy soul, which takes from Jesus the power of being her Saviour, constraining Him to be her inexorable judge.

But because this Name is not only glorious for Jesus, but also salutary to us, the second homage we owe to It, is to nourish a tender devotion towards It. This devotion consists above all in doing what the Apostle teaches: "All whatsoever you do, in word or in work, all things do ye, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him." (Col. 3. 17.) Whatever work you are

about to undertake, invoke first His Most Holy Name with your whole heart. Whatever you have to say, or do, or suffer, let it be with the intention, of saying it, doing it, and suffering it, for the honor of Jesus. May His Holy Name inform and sanctify our actions. May It defend us from the infernal enemy. May It be ever in our hearts and on our lips both in life and in death.

From the Holy Name of Jesus let us never separate the name of His Blessed Mother. Her name is sweet to the ear and heart of those who love her Jesus. It shines like the star of the sea, it makes sweet music in the soul. At the hour of death may the two names of Jesus and Mary comfort our departing souls, and sound like angel songs in our ears.

Chapter IV

Jesus Great in His Life

Jesus is indeed great in His life, even in that large portion of it which He spent in hidden lowliness and obscurity.

It is indeed a mystery, that life of so many years that Jesus spent in retirement, unknown to the world. Out of the thirty-three years He was to spend on earth, He spent thirty unrecognized, unknown, apparently inactive. Is this not He "in Whom are hid all the treasures of Wisdom

and Knowledge?" (Col. 2. 3.) Why should these treasures be buried, this light be hid under a bushel for so many years? Human prudence reasons thus; not so Divine Wisdom.

If He chose the hidden life notwithstanding all the reasons which seemed to counsel the contrary, we must believe He had some over mastering reason of His own, to choose as He did. His great reason was to provide a sovereign remedy for pride which is the deepest, the radical wound of the human heart. The lying promise of the serpent to our first parents, "ye shall be as gods" inflamed their souls and the souls of their posterity, with pride, the effects of which are felt by all mankind. If we have not the presumption of being gods, we at least long to appear as persons of consequence and we bitterly resent any affront to our dignity.

To remedy our insane desire of making an appearance in the world, our Divine Saviour thought it not amiss to spend thirty years in obscurity. If the remedy is grave, it shows us how grave was the evil to be remedied.

At last He left the shadows that had so long hidden Him, to begin His Public life. In His Public life we note a threefold greatness; the greatness of holiness, the greatness of wisdom, and the greatness of power.

The first appearance of this new Master in Israel was like a revelation. All were astonished at the wisdom that shone forth in His every word. They asked each other in amazement: "How came this man by this wisdom and miracles? Is He not the carpenter's son? Is not His mother called Mary"? (Matt. 13. 54-55.) "How doth this man know letters, having never learned?" (John 7. 15.) "Never did

man speak like this man!" (John 7. 46.) From His lips came in a few clear precise words, the truest, the most exalted, the most practical doctrine concerning God and Heavenly things, concerning man and his destiny, concerning the world and its final catastrophe.

The speech of Jesus is full of a beauty all its own—a virile and noble beauty, at the same time simple, clear and natural, without any oratorical artifice or shade of effort.

His word is luminous "enlightening every man that cometh into this world" (John 1. 9.), more especially when He proclaims the new law of His gospel in the Sermon on the Mount.

His word is most touching especially when at the Last Supper He gives His Apostles the last pledges of His love, and bids them His last farewell.

His word is sublime and majestic especially when He announces the grand mysteries of that Sacrament in which all the laws of nature are set aside to make way for the law of His Infinite Love.

His word is powerful, convincing, when He teaches those truths which the greatest and most devout intellects have studied uninterruptedly for over nineteen hundred years without fully comprehending; and which other great but impious minds of all these ages have not yet been able to overthrow, in spite of all their painful efforts.

His word is strong and terrible, thundering against the profaners of the Temple, and against the Pharisees.

It is filled with sublime sadness when He foretells the fate of Jerusalem, and the last agonies of the expiring world.

His word is inimitable, whether it teaches or condemns, whether it prays or mourns. From it ever distils a heavenly unction. It always carries the stamp of the Divinity. The Divine Master does not walk in the track of other human teachers. He has no need to propose definitions, nor to formulate them for demonstration. He speaks in clear sentences and with a power of affirmation unique in the world. None has said nor can ever say, as He said: "Amen I say to you!"

He is not so much a master who teaches, as a witness proclaiming the truth He sees. Rather He is Truth Itself that speaks. "I am the Truth!" "Never did any man speak like this Man." (John 7. 46.)

The second greatness of His Word is Its holiness. There was never seen in Him a vestige of any of those weak-

nesses to which even the greatest of men are subject. Nor did He ever exhibit any kind of effort or agitation in the practise of the most heroic virtues, such as even the greatest saints display. On the contrary, the sanctity which shines in Him, is calm, tranquil, constant and supernatural. In it there is no effort to reach upwards, for being always at the summit it can attain to no greater altitude.

Hence His contemporaries, nay even His declared enemies, could find no fault in His conduct. Modern rationalists in presence of His venerable Figure are amazed at such Sanctity! Goethe, one of the most pagan of modern poets, repeatedly calls Him: "The Divine Man, the Saint, the type and model of mankind." Strauss says "At no time will it be possible to surpass Him, or even to conceive

any one, who can equal Him." And Channing, an American writer, says: "Jesus Christ puts into the shade all human perfections with His greatness and His goodness."

Let us fall down in adoration before Him, crying out with the Church: "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth! Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory! Hosanna in excelsis. Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!" (Preface of the Mass.)

The third greatness of His Word is Its power. This is shown forth in His miracles. So manifest, so public, so well known are they, that Jesus Himself cites them as evidence of His Divine Mission. To the disciples of John the Baptist, sent by their master to ask Him: "Art Thou He that art to come, or look we for another?" Jesus could reply: "Go and relate to John what you have heard

and seen. The blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead rise again, the poor have the gospel preached to them." (Matt. 11. 3-5.)

He wrought these miracles everywhere. In houses, in the streets and highways, in the towns and villages of Judea, in presence of numberless witnesses, a large part of whom were obstinately bent on discrediting and denying them.

In later ages even Rousseau was constrained to confess that the doings of Socrates, of which no one doubts, are less clearly proved than the miracles of Jesus Christ!

Reflect a little on the way in which He wrought these miracles. Not in the same way as those other wonder-workers, the Saints, but as God Himself. The power He wields over nature is not limited to certain times,

places and circumstances, nor is it a passing power, going and coming, nor a power lent Him from Heaven for a space. No. His power is His own, absolute and permanent. He exercises it in His own name, not in that of another. He invokes a God, the same as Himself; He uses no influence outside of Himself. He commands earth and sea, the winds and the waves. In His own power, that of the Man-God, He rules life and death. They that saw these things wondered, saying: "What manner of man is this, for the winds and the sea obey Him?" (Matt. 8. 27.)

He not only exercises this magnificent power Himself, but what is still more marvellous, He transmits it as a precious inheritance to His followers. "Amen, amen I say to you, he that believeth in Me, the works that I do, he also shall do, and greater than

these shall he do." (John 14. 12.) In fact we do not read in the Gospel that the mere shadow of His adorable Body cured diseases: a power St. Peter's shadow possessed. He did not speak with divers tongues, as did the Apostles after Pentecost, nor did He move mountains nor change the course of rivers, as some of His saints have done in later times. No! "He that believeth in Me . . . . . greater than these shall he do!"

Who has ever been able to say the like? A man can transmit to others his riches, his titles, his possessions, all his earthly goods: but his personal gifts and talents and all that belong to his intimate being —how can he transmit these? Plato cannot communicate his sublime intellect to his followers, nor can Alexander bequeathe his conquering sword, nor Raphael his divine brush, to those who come after. They

may form disciples, more or less perfect; but they cannot transmit to them their own genius. It dies in the same privileged mind in which it was born, nor can it be infused into any other. Jesus alone could say to His followers: the might of my arm shall pass into yours, and by it you shall work miracles, even greater than Mine! Reflect upon the sublime reason He gives: "Because I go to the Father," (John 14. 13.) that is, He was to die first!

It was no mere man, that spoke thus. The power of the mighty ends with their life. Which of them, shortly before dying under the hand of his enemies, can say to his followers: I give you power to do greater works than mine? Who is He, think you, that speaks in such language hitherto unheard in the world? A Man different indeed from all others, a Man

whose power begins to shine out with greater lustre, at the very time it would have been obscured and extinguished in other men. A Man who, bursting through the darkness of the tomb, rises gloriously on the third day, and mounts to the right hand of the Father, there to exercise over the whole world His sovereign Power. He is the only one who can say with truth: "He that believeth in Me the works that I do, he shall also do, and greater than these shall he do. Because I go to the Father." (John 14. 12-13.)

How is it then, that miracles are no longer seen? If you mean that miracles are not so frequent as they were, you are right. For one thing, the faith is already spread throughout the world. As St. Gregory observes: It is now a well rooted tree, it no longer needs so much watering as it did in

the beginning, when it was a tender plant.

But if you mean that miracles have entirely ceased, you are quite wrong. What answer is given by the multiplied processes of canonization, each one supported by stupendous and well proved miracles which are still being daily discussed before the Roman Tribunals? And what is the meaning of the votive offerings hanging in thousands before the altars of St. Anthony of Padua in Italy, of St. Isidore in Spain, of St. Francis Regis in France, and of so many saints and wonderworkers? And what is the answer that comes from the hundreds of sanctuaries of Our Blessed Mother all over the world? Lourdes in France, Pompeii in Italy, Einsiedeln in Switzerland, to name only a few are places where miracles of grace and healing are of daily and hourly occurrence.

Those that declare so stoutly that miracles have ceased, say so perhaps because they have not seen them with their own eyes. They might at least go to the places where they do happen. Do they expect these marvels to be wrought for them, in their own houses? Were they satisfied in this, would they believe? No! they would turn them into ridicule, and explain them away as due to illusion, sleight of hand, or some occult but purely natural phenomena.

Henri Lasserre offered to give ten thousand francs to any one who could prove any single one of the prodigies to be false, which he relates in his book "The Apparitions of Lourdes." The challenge was accepted, but in the very midst of the fray, the bold champion disappeared, unable to make head against the truth, so luminously proved in each miracle described by Lasserre.

Those who deny all the miracles of the New Testament fail to see that if Christianity had been established all over the world, routing the time honored religions of Egypt and Greece and Rome, without miracles, that, in itself, would be a miracle, second to none recorded in the Gospels.

Ah! but there are so many false miracles! Doubtless, but with Voltaire himself you must agree, that if there are false miracles, that is a sign there must be true ones. Why? Bad money would never have been circulated, unless there had been first, good money to imitate.

Chapter V

Jesus Great in His Death

Jesus died on a Cross. Is not that a supreme ignominy rather than a greatness? Where is the greatness of One Who hangs in such shame upon a gibbet, accursed of heaven and earth?

These are the thoughts of human pride. Jews and Gentiles, and later, the rationalists of our own days, have seen nothing but a scandal and folly in the great mystery of the Cross. St. Paul teaches us better: "We preach

Christ Crucified; unto the Jews indeed, a stumbling block, and unto the Gentiles, foolishness. But unto them that are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God." (1 Cor. 1. 23-24.)

There is a divine glory and a greatness in this monument of Christ's love. Calvary, like Mount Sinai, is wrapped in clouds whence lightnings burst forth from time to time, revealing something of the hidden mysteries accomplished in the shrouding darkness of the sacred Mount. Let us reverently lift the veil and with the eye of faith contemplate these mysteries.

The first greatness of the Crucified is the greatness of His marvellous and divine Goodness. Look upon Him, nailed to the wood of the Cross; His adorable Body one gaping wound. Reflect that He there suffers, because

He wills it and because He has taken our sins upon Himself. Realize that He might have satisfied the Divine Justice for our sins by the mere gathering of a flower from the earth: and that instead, He has willed to suffer for us thorns and nails and scourges and the Cross. Can you do less than exclaim with the Jews who saw Him weep at the grave of Lazarus: "Behold how He loved him!" (John 11. 36.) "Behold how He loves us!"

Where do you find love such as this? Where are you to find friends willing to die for one another, as Damon was for Pythias? And even where there are such friends they give up their lives for their friend when such a sacrifice is indispensable to ensure his safety. But to give up one's life even when the friend could be easily saved with no personal suffering or

the part of his friend; to expose oneself, on behalf of one's friend, to every kind of torment and outrage and pain, without any precise necessity—this is indeed an excess of love, of which there is but one example in the world.

It was truly only a God who could love to such an extent. But to the heedless worldling it will still seem that it is pure folly for a God, no matter how much He may love, to humble Himself to such a depth. O foolish and blind! O wise in your own poor conceits, look more closely, more carefully! In this folly you will be obliged to see and recognize the height and the depth of Divine Wisdom.

The Divine Redeemer, as St. Thomas teaches, had a threefold task to accomplish. The first was in regard to God, Whose honor He had to restore, the second in regard to man, whose wounds He had to cure, the

third, in regard to the devil, whose power He had to destroy. How could the honor of God, outraged by the rebellion of Adam, be better restored than by opposing an excess of humility to man's excess of arrogance? The first Adam, raising his proud head against His Creator, had said to Him: "I will not serve." (Jer. 2. 20.) Therefore, it behoved the new Adam, the representative of the repentant human race, to appear before God in so much the deeper humility, as man had the more proudly raised himself. He could thus truthfully say of Himself: "I stick fast in the mire of the deep: and there is no sure standing." (Ps. 68. 3.)

In like manner, how could Christ better heal the wounds of humanity than by applying a remedy to the root of all the evils under which it labors? The whole of the physical and moral

ruin of man had come from his having hearkened to the lying promise of the serpent, "you shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." (Gen. 3. 5.) To repair such a grievous damage, Christ proceeds by quite the opposite road. Instead of elevating Himself, He becomes little; instead of taking pride in Himself, He humbles Himself; instead of aiming at the promised likeness to God, He "emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men, and in habit found like a man." (Phil. 2. 7.)

And lastly, how could He more nobly destroy the power of Lucifer? He might indeed have come to the conquest of the evil one in the awful form in which the Prophet saw the Eternal Father, seated on a fiery chariot, lightnings and flames around Him. But that would have been too much of an honor for the proud fiend. He

chose to hide His greatness. He would fight, in appearance weak and disarmed, as who should say: "See how little strength I need to destroy thee." What scorn to the proud spirit in seeing himself overcome by Him, who in the very act of dealing him his death blow, can say: "I am a worm and no man, the reproach of men and the outcast of the people." (Ps. 21. 7.) A worm, indeed, in appearance: but in the battle, He shows Himself greater far than man, nay not less than the Eternal God Himself, by the wisdom of the means He has chosen to compass His magnificent, preordained ends.

From this wisdom radiates a third greatness, the greatness of His prescience. Ponder all the sufferings of body and soul that Christ suffered. There was not one that He had not foreseen and foretold. He speaks of the perfidious treachery of His enemies,

of the traitor's sacrilegious kiss. He tells how He is to be delivered up to the Gentiles, "to be mocked and scourged and spit upon, and put to death." Not only from His own mouth were these sufferings foretold. The seers and prophets of old had in ages long past prophesied them down to the minutest details. We seem to be reading, not prophecies, but descriptions of a story already enacted. Is He a mere man, from whose gaze the future holds no secrets, as He gradually unfolds the picture of His approaching sufferings and death? His enemies only carry out His prophecies to the letter.

While they seek to catch Him in His speech, to cover Him with confusion, they only succeed in showing forth more clearly the greatness of His mind which calculates and regulates all for the adorable ends they

do not even suspect. Admire also, His great power and dominion over His enemies. Throughout the whole of His Passion, He seems to be a helpless prey in the hands of His persecutors. Look a little closer, you will see He dominates them as a Sovereign. How then is He in their hands? Because He willed it. "He was offered, because it was His own will." (Is: 53. 7.) "I lay down My life" He said, "that I may take it up again. No man taketh it away from Me: but I lay it down of Myself, and I have power to lay it down: and I have power to take it up again." (John 10. 17-18.)

In vain Herod plans His destruction in the massacre of the Innocents. In vain the Jews seek to vent their blind fury upon His devoted head. They can see Him and touch Him, but no more, for "He passing through the midst of them, went His way."

(Luke 4. 30.) In vain the soldiers and servants of the High Priest advance to seize Him. He overthrows them with but one word: "I am He." And why? Because His hour was not yet come. When it has struck, He Himself says: "This is your hour, and the power of darkness." (Luke 22. 53.) Even then they cannot do all their wicked will in His regard: only that which He allows, can be done. They have captured His Divine Person but they cannot seize His disciples because He forbids them: "Let these go their way." (John 18. 8.) They may tear and wound His adorable Flesh. It is His will that they are not to break His Bones, that the Scripture might be fulfilled "you shall not break a bone of Him." (John 19. 36.) His Blessed Side was to be pierced, according to His will, and that another scripture might be

fulfilled: "They shall look on Him, Whom they pierced." (John 19. 37.)

Are there any signs of weakness in a death such as this? One who dies because He wills it, and in the way He wills, and at the time He wills, clearly shows himself to be true God —lord and master of life and death.

His greatness appears also, in the majesty He displays in the midst of His humiliations. Covered with wounds and blood, surrounded by infuriated enemies, abandoned by all, He is still great. See Him in the presence of Annas, insulted by one of the servants standing by who gave Him a blow. His calm and dignified reply confuses the tormentor. Again behold Him in presence of Caiphas, proclaiming that He is the Son of God, and that He will one day come from Heaven in great power and glory. Again at the Court of Herod, His

sublime silence frustrates the desire of the wicked king to see some sign.

Before Pilate, His Divinity is shown so clearly, that the heathen judge himself is amazed. On the Cross, He begs pardon and mercy for the miserable sinners who crucify Him: then crying out with a loud voice, He breathes out His soul in the bosom of His Father. How majestic throughout all these scenes does the Divine Figure of Jesus Christ appear. Even an unbeliever like Rousseau, cries out: "If the life and death of Socrates are those of a sage, the life and death of Christ are those of a God."

Then again, if a stronger light were needed to recognize Him for that which He is, see the greatness of power He shows in His death. There upon the Cross, hanging between Heaven that abandons Him, and earth that

blasphemes and insults Him, He still shows Himself King of Heaven and earth, lord and master of all creatures.

What is the meaning of the darkness covering the earth from the sixth to the ninth hour, and the rending of the veil of the temple? "The earth quaked and the rocks were rent," as St. Matthew tells us: "and the graves were opened, and many bodies of the saints that had slept arose, and coming out of the tombs, after His resurrection, came into the Holy City, and appeared to many." (Matt. 27. 51-53.) Who is He, think you, at Whose death nature mourns and the earth trembles? The thief, dying by His side, knows Him to be God and exclaims: "Lord, remember me when Thou shalt come into Thy Kingdom." Nor is he surprised or incredulous when "Jesus said to him: Amen I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with

me in Paradise." (Luke 23. 42-43.) The Centurion too, "and they that were with him, watching Jesus, having seen the earthquake and the things that were done, were sore afraid saying "indeed this was the Son of God." (Matt. 27. 54.) Acknowledging His greatness and Divinity, let us say with the Apostle: "Although He was crucified through weakness, yet He liveth by the power of God." (2 Cor. 13. 4.)

Then again let us ponder for a moment the greatness of the triumph He won for Himself by His death on the Cross. He had prophesied: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to Myself," (John 12. 32.) and His prophecy was magnificently verified. His enemies had cried out: "Away with Him! Crucify Him! . . . We have no King but Cæsar!" (John 19. 15.) Though their wicked outcry prevailed, can they prevent His reign?

Oh no, fools and blind! in spite of them He reigns! The Cross to which they condemn Him shall be His throne, as the Church sings: "The Lord hath reigned from the tree." From the height of His cross, as from a watch tower, Jesus looks over the earth, and extending His arms to the whole human race, with one hand He calls the East, with the other the West, drawing all nations to Himself, forming them into His family, His Church, His Kingdom—thus fulfilling His own prophecy: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to Myself." (John 12. 32.)

At His Feet are laid the crowns of Kings, the sceptres of governments, the swords of conquerors, in homage and vassalage to the King of kings and the Lord of lords. He the Crucified heretofore accursed, as all were who hung upon the wood, is now adored

by the whole world, which He draws from the uttermost parts of the earth to worship at His Sepulchre. And the Cross, heretofore the gibbet of malefactors, now rises glorious above the Temples of God, above soaring towers and obelisks, and is set in jewels in the crowns of Kings.

It is the glorious banner of the King, Who dying within its embrace, gave back life to the human race, blotting out with His Precious Blood the sentence of death pronounced in Eden. By it true liberty has been given to man reconciling him to God. Justice and Peace have kissed. From the rising of the sun, even to the going down thereof, the glory and worship of the Cross are spread throughout the world. Hell fears the sacred sign, remembering its defeat endured of old through Him Who hung thereon. It is the sole hope of this dark exile,

the true comfort of the sorrowful who kneel at the feet of the Crucified mingling with the blood flowing from His wounds the tears and prayers of their sad hearts. It rises above the silent dead, keeping faithful watch over their lonely graves. At the last day, when the Angel's trumpet shall sound, calling all before the Judge, it will appear shining and glorious borne in awful majesty before the Face of the Son of Man, in His final triumph over death and Hell.

Chapter VI

Jesus Great in His Resurrection and Ascension

When the Jews asked of Jesus a sign, why He cast the buyers and sellers out of the temple, He said to them, speaking of the temple of His Body: "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up." (John 2. 19.) This sign He verified and in such a manner that His Resurrection is the most glorious fact in His life, as well as the most solid foundation of His religion.

All must admit that the raising

of the dead to life is a work above all human power and all the forces of nature. It can only be done by Divine Power and it therefore carries on its face the seal of the Divinity. Now Jesus had often proclaimed that He was God, that His Mission was divine, in proof of which He had given His Resurrection. If therefore the Resurrection really took place, it put the divine seal on His words; consequently He is God and His Mission is Divine.

The fact of His Resurrection therefore has only to be verified. Two remarkable facts are related by the Gospel. In the course of His Ministry and when He was on the way going up to Jerusalem He told His Disciples more than once that He should "be betrayed into the hands of men." He prophesied all He was to suffer from the elders and the princes of the people and the

priests, and that they would kill Him. This prediction was not so extraordinary; but when He adds and repeats that after they have killed Him, He shall rise again the third day, this second prediction is indeed surprising. He who makes it must be either divine or He must be an impostor. If Jesus Christ did not rise from the dead He is a deceiver, and not the model of all perfection, the Teacher of all Truth—His doctrine comes from an unholy mouth. But the wisdom of Christ enlightens us; His doctrine attracts and charms us; if He did not rise again the imposture is manifest. It is clear that being only a man, and at the same time attributing divine honors to Himself He would have been putting Himself, a mere man, in the place of the idols He had overthrown. We have to choose between two propositions, Jesus is risen; Jesus is an

impostor. Reason and conscience both convince us that the second proposition is absolutely incredible.

Facts speak clearly. Jesus knew that the Jews were about to put Him to death, He also knew that He was soon to leave to His Disciples the charge of keeping His Doctrine intact, and of diffusing it throughout the world. Knowing this, He still said that He would rise again the third day. But surely this would have been the very means of discovering His imposture. It would have put the very best arms into the hands of the Jews for destroying His work and frustrating all His designs. In His mouth these words, on the contrary, are the irrefragable proof that He had accomplished His Divine Mission. The Jews did spread the falsehood abroad that His Disciples had come and taken away His Body, and then re-

ported that He had risen. But they had themselves placed guards round the Sepulchre to guard against such an event, and the disciples would not have been easily able to carry out such a design. Besides how would they have ever conceived such a design? They either believed the Word of their Divine Master, or they did not, or they merely doubted. If they believed, why should they expose themselves to the great risk they would run, stealing His Body, when they were certain of seeing Him again in three days? If they did not believe, would they run this terrible risk to possess themselves of the body of an impostor? Again, if they merely doubted, it would be much wiser and safer for them to wait quietly till the three days of which He had spoken should be past, when the truth might be known, without any harm coming to themselves.

They were not as yet men of conspicuous courage, or apt at the doing or planning of great enterprises.

In the lifetime of their Master, they had not always shown that ardor or zeal which great souls display. Our Lord often reproved them for their timidity and unbelief. In the garden of Gethsamene, in spite of His earnest recommendation to them to watch and pray, He goes three times to them, to remind them, and each time He finds them asleep. Peter follows Him, but afar off, and denies Him in fear, at the voice of a serving woman. This timidity would naturally have increased tenfold had their Master not risen; they must have fled or hidden, or cried for mercy. But no, unbelievers pretend that these very men, cowardly, timid as hares, even when their Master was in the midst of them, encouraging them, working

stupendous miracles, prophesying His Resurrection, have suddenly become lions at the very moment when all His predictions had been falsified. Could they expect honors and riches as a reward for their new-born audacity? Did they not know that persecutions and dangers, and death even, would be their portion if they still believed in such an impostor. Oh no, something extraordinary was needed to turn them into the brave defenders and upholders of the Faith they subsequently became. Their eyes and minds were enlightened at the same time that their souls were strengthened. The Resurrection of their Divine Master is the explanation of this wonderful change in them.

But atheists say: it was not a miracle, for miracles are impossible. As atheists deny the existence of God, they are so far logical: there is, ac-

cording to them, no power that can work miracles. But those who believe in an omnipotent God cannot consistently maintain that He has not the power of altering the laws of nature which He Himself has ordained.

The truth of the Resurrection being thus incontrovertibly established, it follows: that God has spoken by the voice of Christ, that His religion is divine, that all He has taught is true, and to be firmly believed. To all this, unbelievers oppose the magic word hallucination. The Apostles and Disciples, of whom the Gospel speaks with such eloquent simplicity, were not credible witnesses then—they were only under strange hallucinations? At first they would not believe the testimony of the holy women. Jesus had to appear before them, to show them He was not a spirit, "He upbraided them for their incredulity and hardness of heart

because they did not believe them who had seen Him, after He was risen again." (Mark 16. 14.) On another occasion, "He stood in the midst of them, and saith to them: Peace be to you, it is I, fear not," and as they were troubled and frightened, thinking He was a spirit: "He showed them His hands and Feet" and to reassure them still further, and to confirm their feeble faith, He said: "Have you here anything to eat?. . . And when He had eaten before them, taking the remains, He gave to them." (Luke 24. 36-43.)

To St. Thomas, who would not believe till he should see Him with his eyes, and feel His wounds with his hands, He comes and gives him the proof He had required. "Put in thy finger hither, and see my hands, and bring hither thy hand, and put it into My side: and be not faithless but believing." (John 20. 27.)

Are all these victims of hallucination? And those others too, five hundred in number, who were present on Mount Olivet and saw Him ascend into heaven? Were they all hallucinated?

Henri Lasserre in his book against Renan called "The Thirteenth Apostle" covers with ridicule the suggestion of hallucination, using it himself to explain away, according to Renan, the return of Napoleon from Elba. What return he says? Napoleon died and was buried in Elba. But after a few months he was seen in France! Not at all: an hallucination! But thousands of his old soldiers returned under his banner! Hallucination! He governed France again, for a hundred days! Hallucination! And what about his great defeat at Waterloo? Hallucination! The whole story of the Napoleonic resurrection from the

tomb of Elba never happened. It was a mere hallucination, to which the admirers of the fallen conqueror had been victims. If this would be hard to believe, the theory of hallucination about Christ's Resurrection would be even more impossible to accept.

Thank God! we can rejoice in crying out with the Church: "The Lord is risen indeed. Alleluia!"

This glorious resurrection was followed, afte· forty days, by His no less glorious Ascension into Heaven. On the very Mount of Olives which had been the scene of the first agonies of His Passion, He began His glory.

In the presence of His Apostles and disciples and many who had witnessed His sufferings and had been scandalized at His death, He chose to ascend into Heaven in triumph—the glorious Conqueror of Death and

Hell. And as they looked upon His radiant countenance, He raised His Hands to bless them and take leave of them, and ascending by His own Divine Power, He was presently lost to their adoring gaze, "a cloud received Him out of their sight. And while they were beholding Him going up to Heaven, behold two men stood by them in white garments, who also said: Ye men of Galilee! Why stand you looking up into heaven? This Jesus who is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come, as you have seen Him going into heaven." (Acts 1. 9-11.)

And He meanwhile proceeds upon His victorious way, accompanied by the souls of the just He had freed from Limbo, by legions of Angels come to meet and escort Him. He ascends amidst canticles of joy and sounds of rejoicing, for "God is ascended with jubilee, and the Lord with the sound

of the trumpet." (Ps. 46. 6.) And those of His glorious company wondering, say to one another: "Lift up your gates, O ye princes, and be ye lifted up, O eternal gates: and the King of glory shall enter in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord who is strong and mighty: the Lord mighty in battle." (Ps. 23. 7-8.) "Who is This, that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bosra, this beautiful one in His robe, walking in the greatness of His strength. I, that speak justice, and am a defender to save." (Is. 63. 1.) "Arise, O Lord, into Thy resting place: Thou and the ark, which Thou hast sanctified." (Ps. 131. 8.)

He enters Heaven to the sound of jubilee and song. Rising above the angelic choirs He passes to the throne of the Father, His glorious work complete, to enjoy the fruit of His labors. "I

have glorified Thee on the earth," He says to His Father, "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do. And now glorify Thou Me, O Father, with Thyself, with the glory which I had, before the world was, with Thee." (John 17. 4-5.) And the Eternal Father says to His Beloved Son: "Sit Thou at My right Hand: until I make Thy enemies Thy footstool." (Ps. 109. 1.)

At the sight of such well deserved and exceeding great glory, the whole of the Heavenly court bursts forth as with one voice: "The Lamb that was slain is worthy to receive power, and divinity, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and benediction. . . . . To Him that sitteth on the Throne, and to the Lamb, benediction, and honor, and glory, and power, for ever and ever." (Apoc. 5. 12-13.)

And we also, joining our voices, even in this valley of tears, to those songs of joy, exclaim: "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, Who was, and Who is, and Who is to come." (Apoc. 4. 8.)

Chapter VII

Jesus Great on Our Altars

The whole life of Jesus was, as we clearly see, a series of alternating humiliations and glories. It seemed a perpetual rivalry between the Father and the Son. The more Jesus sought to humble Himself, the more His Heavenly Father exalted Him. Consequently a divine beauty, glorious and superhuman, shone out in Him.

"He is beautiful in heaven," says St. Augustine, commenting on the 44th Psalm, "and beautiful on earth, beautiful in the Bosom of the Father, beautiful in the arms of His chaste

Mother, beautiful in His miracles, beautiful in the midst of the scourges, beautiful when He calls us to life, beautiful when He despises death, beautiful on the Cross, beautiful even in His Sepulchre."

All this, verified in the human life of Jesus, is repeated in His Sacramental life. There upon the altar He has become little. "He humbles Himself," taking the form of the tiny circle of the Host.

Even there He is sovereignly great and beautiful. "For which cause God also hath exalted Him." (Phil. 2. 8-9.) Contemplating the Eucharistic Species we see only humility, hiddenness, obscurity.

Faith however tells us that Jesus is there, hidden under these lowly appearances. No ray of His Divinity is seen, nor trace of His Humanity revealed. In this precisely His glory

shines forth most brilliantly! He has captured the homage of our intellect without the help of any one of our senses; indeed in opposition to the evidence of our senses.

Et si sensus deficit
Ad firmandum cor sincerum
Sola fides sufficit.

Faith alone, though sight forsaketh,
Shows true hearts the mystery.
(*Pange Lingua*)

Our senses tell us nothing; nevertheless the great Mystery is loved and believed and worshipped, from one end of the world to the other. Wherever the sun shines, there the Eucharistic Bread is glorified, there the priest ascends the altar to consecrate and to offer the Adorable Victim, as the Prophet had foretold: "From the rising of the sun, even to the going down,

My name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to My Name, a clean oblation: for, My Name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of Hosts." (Mal. 1. 11.)

From early dawn to mid day in all the great Catholic cities of Europe, priests succeed one another at the altar, offering "the clean oblation." When the sacrifice has ceased in Europe, it goes on unbrokenly, all round the whole of the world, wherever Christ Crucified has been preached and His Church has been planted. Where can you find such another spectacle? "Tu solus altissimus, Jesu Christe."

And who are these adorers of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament? They are not only the poor and ignorant, who bow the knee before Him. The noblest intellects, such as Origen, Augustine, Bonaventure, Thomas Aquinas,

Bossuet, adore and worship, and vie with one another, in proving the Real Presence in the white Host, and defending their Hidden Lord against all the attacks of heresy and unbelief. Consider all the treasures of learning poured out upon this matter, so small in appearance: the dominion exercised by this mystery upon that noblest part of man, his intellect, a dominion exercised, not in one place only, but in the whole world, not at one time only, but throughout all the ages, exercised too, notwithstanding the very testimony of the senses, and you will realize that such a dominion is the sublimest triumph of the Hidden God.

To the dominion of the intellect, add the dominion this adorable Mystery exercises over the heart. And as the heart is full of devices to honor the object of its love, see how many thousand means the heart of man has

used to honor the small white Host, outwardly of so frail an aspect. The greatest geniuses, such as Brunelleschi, Michael Angelo, have been pressed into the service to raise the most splendid Churches under the magnificent domes of which the Immaculate Host may abide. Sculpture also carves exquisite Tabernacles, and other ornaments, by the hands of Mino da Fiesole, Donatello, Cellini, and others, in all precious marbles and metals, for sheltering the Host, and adorning the altars of God. Painting decorates the walls and ceilings of the House of the Lord, by the magic brush of Raffael, and Leonardo da Vinci and others. The Last Supper of Leonardo and the Dispute of the Blessed Sacrament by Raffael are among the most beautiful pictures of the world. Poetry also brings her tribute to the worship of the Host. Its sublime

flights in St. Thomas's Office of the Blessed Sacrament, contain the strains of the Lauda Sion, the Pange Lingua, and other songs of the great theologian and poet. And as for Music, what delicious concord of sweet sounds flows from the souls of the great masters, all in honor and praise of the God hidden in such lowly guise. The realms of nature are ransacked, and the sea is dragged, to bring to His Feet the tribute of their exquisite riches. Gold and silver, precious stones and pearls are lavished in the setting of the chalice and the monstrance. Sweet smelling odors and incense are brought from afar to burn in fragrant fumes before Him, confessing His Divinity hidden under these humble veils.

And in the sweet triumphs the Church loves to give Him, what can be more beautiful and touching than

the Procession of Corpus Christi, as carried out in Catholic lands? He goes forth, the Hidden God, borne by His priests under His gold embroidered canopy, through the streets and roads strewn with flowers under triumphal arches, to the sound of music and song and the joyous clamor of bells that proclaim His coming far and wide to the adoring thousands that kneel and worship Him, as He passes.

Does His dominion over men's hearts stop at all these beautiful outward manifestations? Oh no! His dominion is more royally exercised in the hearts of His own. Even unbelievers, like Voltaire, are constrained to acknowledge the Divine influence for good, of Jesus in the Blessed Eucharist. "See those men," he says, "who receive God within them, in the midst of an august function, by the light of a hundred torches, at the

foot of an altar brilliantly adorned. The imagination is taken captive, the soul filled with tenderness, you can scarcely breathe, you are detached from earth and united to God. He is in your flesh, in your blood! Who would dare to commit a single sin, or even conceive the thought of it?" In another place he writes: "If I seek generous souls, ready to sacrifice themselves, with unshaken fortitude for the benefit of others, I have to look for them in the shadow of the Catholic altar." And Clausen, a Protestant writer, describing his impressions at the moment of Benediction in a crowded Church, says: "At that moment when the immense throng, as one man, bent its knees to the ground, as though dazzled by the Divine light from the Monstrance, you cannot but feel conquered by the invincible power of religion."

Napoleon, after all his victories and successes, confessed that the happiest day of his life was that of his First Communion.

Such is the effect, such the strength and power of the little white Host. Truly nothing to our human eyes: in reality, the sun of Justice. In the Church, the sun whence come life, light, strength, and heat. The sun round which, as stars of lesser magnitude, revolve the other Sacraments. From It, they derive their power of giving or restoring grace; for It is the fountain and source and fulness of grace, the sun of our Churches, of which It is the true life and warmth.

In Protestant Churches all is empty, cold, dead. The Blessed Sacrament is not there. The great arches and massive columns belong to deserted buildings. The silence and solitude are oppressive. When Jesus is in the Church,

it is as if the sun had entered; all is life and color and movement. O Divine Sun! truly does the Church salute Thee with her loveliest canticles "O sacred Banquet," "O Saving Victim!" "Tantum ergo Sacramentum—Veneremur cernui!"

The dominion exercised by Jesus from behind the white veils of the Sacred Species extends throughout the whole life of man, even to the shedding of his blood. I do not speak of the legions of Martyrs, who were comforted and strengthened for their last terrible combat in the arena, by eating the Bread of the strong. I mean those who actually died in defense of the glorious dogma of the Real Presence. The ten martyrs of Gorcum, butchered by the Dutch heretics, in hatred of the Blessed Eucharist. The youthful Tarcisius, killed rather than deliver the Sacred Host to profanation.

It was during the height of the tenth persecution, under Diocletian, that the Blessed Sacrament was to be carried to the Christian captives languishing in the Roman dungeons. It was a service of danger, and when the young Tarcisius came forward, eagerly offering himself to carry the Blessed Sacrament to the prisoners, the priest demurred, saying the boy was too young. He insisted, pointing out that his youth was his greatest protection, that, because of it, he could all the easier pass unobserved. The Sacred Host was wrapped in linen and was given into his hands, and he went forth gladly and reverently, carrying the precious treasure. As he went on his way, he was accosted by a company of boys and asked what he was carrying so carefully. He hurried along, but the boys suspecting something from his rapt and rever-

ent mien, crowded round him crying out: He has got the mysteries. Give them up, give them up! They surrounded him, kicking him, striking him, till he fell bathed in blood on the ground, yet holding with superhuman strength his precious burden to his heart. "Never, never!" he cried, "I shall never give it up!" When, just as his strength was failing, and life was almost extinct, a Christian soldier came by, and with well directed blows dispersed the brutal aggressors. Tarcisius turned to him with a joyous smile: "I have Him still here, safe," he said, and died, happy to have laid down his life in defence of his hidden Lord.

Truly, the glories and triumphs of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament are beyond all the triumphs of the greatest earthly kings and conquerors.

Chapter VIII

Jesus Great in the Renovation of The World

We read in the Apocalypse that St. John saw the lamb seated on the throne, who said: "Behold, I make all things new." (Apoc. 21. 5.) These words refer to the second coming of the Redeemer, when Heaven and earth shall be changed, according to the vision of St. John, "I saw a new heaven, and a new earth." (Apoc. 21. 1.) But we may also apply them to the first coming of Christ, for by the heavenly doctrine He taught His Apos-

tles and which, by His command, they preached throughout all nations, the face of the earth was completely changed. Jesus could well say: "I make all things new!"

This admirable transformation of the world, which He wrought, is perhaps the clearest manifestation of His greatness.

What was the world before the coming of Christ? Consider it under its threefold aspect: in the individual, in the family, and in society. What was pagan man? A being wrapped in the darkness of ignorance and error; knowing nothing of his dignity as a man. The most essential truths relating to his origin his nature his destiny were either absolutely unknown to him or were perceived but dimly, through the remnants of a corrupted tradition, through a mist of fables and delusions. Led astray

by his senses, he could only follow after them; mistaking the creature for the Creator, he fell down and adored the sun and the stars, animals and flowers making himself gods of marble and wood, before whom he trembled and adored. When he paid divine honors to men who had lived, or were only imaginary, it was really the passions that he adored in their persons. What were the gods of paganism? A Saturn who devoured his own children. Jupiter, a rebel against his father, an adulterer, a murderer. Juno a vindictive fury, Venus given up to lust, Mars a blood-thirsty ruffian, Mercury a thief. And what festivals and orgies accompanied the worship of these Gods—those of Adonis, and Cybele, and the Saturnalia and the other unimaginable horrors of this degraded religion?

And what was the esteem in which man was held? He had no value as

a man, he was only regarded as a member of the particular society or city or country to which he belonged. Among the Greeks no one was of any account, unless he were a Greek; all other men were strangers, outsiders, barbarians. Among the Greeks, and Romans a man was considered only as a servant of the state. In some states, Sparta for instance, which was one of the most civilized in those days, if a child was born a cripple, or deformed in any way, it was at once destroyed by order of the magistrates. That it was a human soul was a matter of no moment. The child was of no value, for it could be of no use to the state.

The individual bowed beneath the crushing power of the state, losing all sense of his own dignity, in the knowledge that he only existed to serve the great social body to which he belonged.

Who can bring light into such dark-

ness, who can raise man from this abject condition? Neither the philosophers, nor wise men, nor law-givers of the world. Neither Solon, nor Lycurgus, nor Plato, nor Aristotle in Greece; nor Numa, nor Cato, nor Seneca in Rome. They also are under the yoke of too many superstitions: the very law-givers utter sentences and make laws of the most horrible cruelty. Man's lot seems desperate indeed.

But the remedy that earth cannot give will come to man from Heaven. Behold "the Word was made Flesh, and dwelt among us!" (John 1. 14.) The rays of His light scatter the darkness of the world. Man's eyes were opened to know his true origin, his nature, his end, the future life awaiting him, and all those essential truths in both the speculative and practical order, the consequences of which are infinitely far-reaching. He knew now that he

was the son of God, redeemed by the Blood of God, destined to inherit the kingdom of God. He realized, therefore, that he was not merely a unit in the particular body politic to which he belonged, but that he had a greatness of his own, a destiny of his own, to be fulfilled entirely by his own self and depending upon himself alone. If Jesus had not come, we should still be mere blind instruments of society to be broken or thrown aside as soon as no further use could be made of us.

Then consider what was the state of the family in pagan times. Before Christianity there was no conception of the sanctity of marriage, the family was immersed in every degradation. Polygamy and divorce were universally practised, to say nothing of other crimes. the source of all sorts of discords and excesses. At the coming of

Christ, all is changed. He proclaims the primitive unity of marriage, sanctifies it by raising it to the dignity of a sacrament and makes it, in some sort, like His own mystic union with His Church. He establishes the indissolubility of the marriage tie, thus securing conjugal fidelity and the good education of children, and while stemming the current of the passions, preserves domestic society from numberless and incalculable evils.

What was the position of the father in pagan times? Among even the most civilized peoples, the laws allowed him unlimited despotic power over his children; he could in certain cases kill them. But Jesus altered all this, and now although the father still exercises a real and dignified authority, it has nothing of the ferocity of the Roman father's rule, as displayed by Manlius and Brutus.

Then consider the status of woman, in the pagan family. To say nothing of the base uses to which she was put, the Roman husband could kill her, not only for infidelity but for much lesser offences. Well indeed for her that the religion of Christ arose in her defence, raising her from her abject state. It proclaimed her man's equal as to origin and destiny and enrolled her in the great human brotherhood. She was no longer to be man's slave, but his companion and sister. She was not to be subject to a degrading despotism, but to be under man's mild and benignant authority, no longer the instrument of his iniquity, but the active sharer with him in the great work of multiplying the adorers of God and the future citizens of Heaven,

O, never forget, ye women! all that you owe to the Lord Jesus Christ!

If you are no longer regarded as little better than the animals, if you now are seated in honor by man's side respected and protected, you owe it to Jesus, Who has drawn you from the ignominy which was your portion and inheritance of old. If any owe Him love and reverence it is surely you. And it must be said to your honor that you do generally revere and love Him. Those who do not, and who despise or hate Him and His religion, are guilty of the double crime of impiety and ingratitude.

Now to examine the state of civil society before the coming of Christ. The most barbarous tyranny was everywhere exercised over slaves, who formed the majority of the human family, and over captives in war. They were treated and considered as cattle. The law of Christ commanded that they should be treated as brethren, it ameli-

orated their hard lot, broke their chains, and gradually abolished the very name of slavery.

And what other atrocities were not abolished by the law of Christ! There were horrible human sacrifices to the gods; the sanguinary spectacles of the gladiators, the horrible cruelties of the laws, and all the ferocious and barbarous punishments of pagan society, all gradually suppressed by Christianity.

In modern society, who can calculate all it has done for the benefit of the people? Everywhere there are asylums for orphans and foundlings, schools for children, hospitals for the sick, refuges for the old, for pilgrims, for every sort of misery. Sisters of Charity, as consoling angels, are everywhere ready to fly to the succor of every human suffering. Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul are established in all large centers, for the purpose of

visiting the poor and relieving them in their wretched dwellings, bringing to them not only bodily succor but the consolation and blessings of Heaven. There are the great religious institutes of St. Camillus of Lellis, of St. John of God, of the Little Sisters of the Poor, and so many hundreds of others, all devoted to the care of the sick, the old and the afflicted. There is no misfortune or sorrow that religion does not succor, no benefit it does not impart.

Even science, and learning, and the arts are debtors to religion, which has inspired the greatest geniuses in all ages.

The Spanish writer, James Balmes, draws the following magnificent picture of Christian civilization: "An admirable public conscience rich in sublime moral maxims, in rules full of justice and equity, in upright and honorable sentiments; a conscience

which survives the shipwreck of individual morality, and prevents the shamelessness of corruption reaching the excesses of pagan times: a general softening of manners, which in war excludes great catastrophes and in peace makes life more agreeable; a profound respect for man and for all that appertains to him, rendering violence rare among individuals and restraining governments in all political vicissitudes, an ardent desire of perfection in all branches of the body politic, an irresistible tendency, occasionally ill-directed, but always lively, towards the amelioration of the less fortunate classes, a secret impulse for the protection of the weak and the succor of the unfortunate, a spirit of universality and propaganda, an inexhaustible supply of the means for rejuvenation and salvation in the great crises, a generous impatience compell-

ing thoughtful schemes for the future, and from which spring incessant movement and agitation, the source of danger at times, but more often the cause of great blessings and the sign of a most vigorous life: such are the grand, distinguishing characteristics of European civilization, such the signs that conclusively show it to be far superior to all civilizations, both ancient and modern."

And from Whom does all this proceed? From Jesus Christ. By His Death on the Cross, He redeemed the world, the world of souls chiefly, but also the world of bodies, the intellectual and moral world, as well as the world of individuals, of families, of society; in a word the whole universe under all its aspects. We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee, because by Thy Holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world!

How true this is may be readily seen from the fact that wherever the Cross is raised, there is life and light, wherever it has not reached, only darkness and death. China which is rich in a high degree of civilization is, after the lapse of so many ages, still in its infancy, in complete darkness. India is also enveloped in the darkness of night. In Africa and Asia when the Cross was dominant, those countries produced the greatest geniuses such as Tertullian, Cyprian, Augustine. After the Cross was overthrown, they lapsed into squalor and darkness. Those who in the name of civilization attack religion, show even more ignorance than impiety. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." (Luke 23. 34.)

From all that has gone before we may rightly conclude that Jesus Christ

is the great friend of the people, that is, of all classes that compose the people, especially the humblest. How different is He from those preachers of socialism who pretend the greatest solicitude for the people, but who work from first to last only for their own selfish ends.

Chapter IX

Jesus Great in His Sovereignty

From both sacred and profane history, it clearly appears that about the time of Cæsar Augustus there was a presentiment throughout the whole Roman Empire that a Redeemer was about to come. The traditions, till then confused and scarce, relating to the coming of a great Reformer, of a universal Ruler Who was to free mankind from the empire of

evil, suddenly revived and spread from end to end of the earth. An echo of these rumors is found in Tacitus, in Cicero and above all in Virgil.

The mysterious young prince of whom Virgil writes in one of his Eclogues, who was to govern the world in peace, shows what the tradition was, namely, that a great and universal monarch was expected, who should rule the earth.

Now this prince came precisely at the very time, and in the very place he was expected. "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent His Son, made of a woman, made under the law: that He might redeem them who were under the law; that we might receive the adoption of sons." (Gal. 4. 4-5.)

Leo XIII in the Encyclical published in May, 1899, announcing the Holy

monarch, the universal monarchy must of necessity be his by inheritance. The Apostle commenting on these words, says expressly, that the Lord has constituted Him His universal heir. "God hath spoken to us by His Son, Whom He hath appointed heir of all things, by Whom also He made the world." (Heb. 1. 2.) And the way in which Jesus Himself speaks of this is well worthy of reflection. When the Roman governor asked Him: "Art Thou a king then?" He answers without hesitation: "Thou sayest that I am a King." (John 18. 37.) But of what kingdom, of what power did He speak? This He explains clearly, when He said to His Apostles: "All power is given to me in heaven, and in earth." (Matt. 28. 18.) Observe, "all power," therefore His power is absolute, universal, independent. His power is given from His Father, there-

Year, thus speaks of this Prince and of His sovereignty over the world: "The Lord hath said to me: Thou art My Son, this day have I begotten Thee. Ask of Me, and I will give Thee the Gentiles for Thy inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for Thy possession. . . . I am appointed by Him king over Sion His holy mountain, preaching His commandment." (Ps. 2. 7-8, 6.) Whose words are these? Long before the Eternal Word took flesh, we have heard Him declare, by the mouth of the Royal Prophet, that He was invested by His Father with the kingly dignity over His Church, prefigured by Mount Sion, and over the whole earth, to its utmost limits. We have also heard upon what foundation is built this universal sovereignty, namely, upon His divine Sonship. Inasmuch as He is the Son of the universal

fore no man can take it from Him. The power is given in Heaven and in earth; He has therefore the right to govern the inhabitants of Heaven, as well as the pilgrims of earth. Consequently His is a universal sovereignty that embraces every creature. He is not only a priest, He is also a King. A spiritual, as well as a temporal King; King of souls and of bodies, of individuals and of nations. "All power is given to Me in Heaven and in earth."

And that is not all: Jesus reigns not alone by right of generation, being the Only Begotten Son of God, but also by right of conquest, inasmuch as He "hath delivered us from the power of darkness," (Col. 1. 13.), and hath given "Himself a redemption for all." (1 Tim. 2. 6.). St. Augustine speaks admirably upon this point: "Do you ask what He has redeemed?

Reflect upon what He gave, and it will appear what He has redeemed. The Blood of Christ is our price. Now what is there that is of such value as that? What is there, if not all the world and all peoples together? Because all that He gave, He gave for all. (Tractat. 120. in Jo.)

In truth, even when Jesus Christ stood in chains before Pilate, He was true King of the Jews, of the Gentiles, and of all the peoples of the earth. He was not a King outwardly, for He did not will then to exercise His sovereignty nor to make it visibly felt. On the contrary, He willed to hide it under the mantle of ignominy which He had taken upon Himself, in order to expiate our pride. But He was then, as always, King by right, that right being inseparable from His Divine Person,

to which it belonged of necessity; the absolute dominion over the whole creation. That supreme right He exercised if not with outward might, at least by means of legislation: promulgating a law which should bind all the nations of the world: "Going therefore teach ye all nations . . . . teaching them to observe all things, whatsoever I have commanded you." (Matt. 28. 19.)

All these truths were well known theoretically, and often even were put in practice, in the Middle Ages; those times that we, with some arrogance sometimes call the Dark Ages.

The Florentine Republic, for instance, proclaimed Jesus Christ its King, and carved His Holy Name on the Palace of the Signoria where it may be seen to this day.

Then the Republic of Venice emblazoned on its banner a majestic

lion supporting the book of the Gospels with its right paw.

Rudolph of Hapsburg, the founder of the royal house of Austria, while being crowned in the Cathedral of Aquisgrana, took the Crucifix from the altar exclaiming: "Behold my sceptre!"

Hungary too under Stephen, the greatest of its kings, was consecrated in an especial manner to Jesus and to His Blessed Mother.

France in the time of her greatest glory, showed to the world the Capitularies of Charlemagne, and that fine preamble to the Salic law in which occur these words: "Live Christ Who loves the Franks! He guards their Kingdom and fills their chiefs with the Light of His grace."

From all which things it would appear that in those so-called barbarous times this idea, the most exalted that can be conceived of the

universal monarchy of Jesus Christ, was deeply rooted in the popular mind. And to-day?

Alas! the grand conception seems to be eclipsed. "How is the gold become dim, the finest color is changed." (Lam. 4. 1.) Nothing is so carefully sought nowadays, by modern governments, as the means of raising a wall of division between Society and the Church; of excluding Jesus Christ from the whole social order. And with what success? This Divine King is not disposed to abdicate the dominion that belongs to Him even of earth. The peoples of the earth may incite each other to break His sceptre, to throw off the yoke of God and of His Christ. "The Kings of earth stood up, and the princes met together against the Lord, and against His Christ: let us break their bonds asunder: and let us cast away their

yoke from us! He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh at them." They refuse to acknowledge willingly His royal rights? He will make them hear the language of His wrath. "Then shall He speak to them in His anger, and trouble them in His rage." In that terrible language, He will say to them: Learn once for all that I am your King. "I am appointed King by Him, over Sion His Holy mountain, preaching His commandment." (Ps. 2. 3-6.)

These threats have been already carried out in many instances. Modern Society has said to Christ: Begone! And Christ has answered: I leave you! I leave you to your reprobate sense, to your unbridled passions, to your proud spirit of independence. I leave you to the Masonic lodges, the consequences of which you will strive in vain to escape, after you have promoted

and favored their pernicious principles. I leave you to radicalism and anarchy which will tear your vitals and keep you in unceasing troubles and revolutions. Finally, I leave you to yourself, that I may see what you are able to do without Me. "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." All the standing armies, all the guns drawn up in battle array are of no avail to defend a city or a kingdom, upon which the Lord hath turned His Back. "Unless the Lord keep the city, he watcheth in vain that keepeth it." (Ps. 126. 1.)

The false principle is taught and propagated that society, as such, is independent of God, emancipated from His dominion; therefore that all actions relating to the working of society are free and independent, being out of the sphere of Christian morals. Instead of this false principle it be-

hooves us to establish the only true just incontrovertible principle namely, that Jesus Christ is the King, not only of individuals, but of society as a whole. From this principle it follows that He will ask an account of the actions of a man, not only those done by him as an individual, but also those done by him as a member or as a representative of the body politic. It is not enough that, as a private individual, he should maintain a Christain behavior; his conduct as a public official must be equally Christian. Jesus Christ commands not only one part of man, He commands his whole being throughout all the conditions in which he may be placed, in all his internal and external relations, private or public, individual or social. He who is a Christian only in his private life, makes a rapine in the holocaust, rendering himself odious in the sight

of God Who says: "I am the Lord that love judgment, and hate robbery in a holocaust." (Is. 61. 8.) The individual, the father of a family must be Christian, but that is not enough. The representatives of cities and nations must be Christian: therefore municipalities, governments, laws also, must be Christian. For nothing earthly can free itself from the sovereignty of Jesus Christ, that "all the world may be made subject to God." (Rom. 3. 19.)

Nor should it be irksome to us that Jesus Christ, by means of His Vicar, should from time to time remind us of these truths. On the contrary, it is a great blessing that there is one upon earth who is able to uphold wise principles not only before individuals, but also in the face of nations. One who can fearlessly say to all: Princes and people, parlia-

ments and governments, republics and monarchies, remember that above you, above your sceptres, your swords and your crowns there is a God, Whom you must perforce obey, a law you must observe, a moral code to which you must be conformed. Whatsoever you do in despite of this God, of this law, of this moral code, is unlawful "non licet! non licet!" The poet Alfieri makes Achimelech say to Saul these words that might be said even to-day to the princes of the earth:

"And Thou Saul who art thou? A King of earth thou art. But before God what sort of King? Saul, enter into thyself: Thou art but crowned dust!"

Chapter X

Jesus Great in His Mother

So far we have considered this Divine Sun in Himself alone. Let us now contemplate Him in the principal planets that He irradiates with His light. Seeing these by means of His power so resplendent and beautiful, we shall be led to a higher appreciation of that ocean of splendor of which they are but a faint reflection. And so let us begin with the mystic moon, our Mother Mary.

The Divine Word wishing to take

upon Himself our human flesh chose, or rather formed for Himself, a Mother. And in how admirable a way! Detesting as He did the least stain of sin He began by preserving that chosen soul from original sin, the sin common to all mankind. On the one hand you see the whole human race sprung from the seed of Adam, drawing at the same time from that poisoned root the life of the body together with the death of the soul and all evil inclinations; on the other, a pure virgin, quickened by the dews of Heaven, blossoming forth in purity and vigor and fragrance, from the same accursed tree. Whence this marvel if not from Jesus and by Him? As the Church teaches us, it was "by the foreseen death of Jesus, that she was preserved from sin." (*Collect* of the Immaculate Conception)

She, the only one of Adam's race

preserved from original sin, was also the only one exempt from the fatal consequences of that sin. If we could penetrate into her beautiful soul, what marvels should we not there discover! There no darkness of ignorance, no fire of concupiscence inclining to sin; all is peace, all unbroken tranquillity. Spirit and flesh appetite and will senses and reason in us are always at war; in her, they helped each other, bound together as they were in most perfect harmony.

The Divine Word was pleased to make her His Mother. He therefore poured into her blessed soul all the gifts of the Holy Ghost, the theological virtues and all those supernatural graces which beautify the soul, and withal so abundantly and to such a height that, according to Suarez, she had in her first beginning more than any other Saint in the meridian of

his sanctity: "The foundations thereof are in the holy mountains." (Ps. 86. 1.) Her Beloved hails her in a transport of holy love: "Thou art all fair, O! my love, and there is not a spot in Thee!" (Cant. 4. 7.)

In Eden she was revealed as a vision of Paradise to guilty Adam; she was promised to Israel by the seers of Judá; announced to the pagan world by the oracles of the Sybils. She was born at last in a remote corner of the East. Her life was an idyll of sweetness and purity, an elegy of unmeasured sorrow, a poem of incomparable beauty. Heaven is well pleased in her, while she is the delight and the consolation of earth. "The daughters saw her and declared her most blessed." (Cant. 6. 8.) In towns and villages, mountains and valleys, rise temples and altars to Mary.

Her sweet face shines on earth as a

ray of Paradise, everywhere drawing her children to pour out before her picture their sighs and tears and prayers.

From the laborer bending over his toil to the warrior leaving destruction in his track, from the child in his mother's arms to the dying man seeking the fast departing light, all look to her with love and tenderness. Even the robber and the unbeliever are disarmed when looking upon the heavenly vision of her beauty. Thou art indeed the pearl of the human race, the queen of all hearts, the most magnificent work of the Most High! "Truly the Lord hath created a new thing upon the earth." (Jer. 31. 22.)

The Church in describing the gifts of the Mother uses the self same words from Holy Writ which describe Divine Wisdom, the same prerogatives and privileges, gracing both the

Son, the Incarnate Wisdom of God, and His Blessed and Immaculate Mother. "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of His ways, before He made anything from the beginning. I was set up from eternity, and of old before the earth was made. The depths were not as yet, and I was already conceived, neither had the fountains of waters as yet sprung out. The mountains with their huge bulk had not yet been established; before the hills I was brought forth; He had not yet made the earth, nor the rivers, nor the poles of the world. When He prepared the heavens, I was present; when with a certain law and compass He enclosed the depths, when He established the sky above, and poised the fountains of waters. When He compassed the sea with its bounds, and set a law to the waters that they should not pass their limits; when He

balanced the foundations of the earth, I was with Him, forming all things, and was delighted every day, playing before Him at all times, playing in the world. And my delights were to be with the children of men. Now therefore ye children hear me. Blessed are they that keep my ways. Hear instruction and be wise and refuse it not. Blessed is the man that heareth me, and that watcheth daily at my gates, and waiteth at the posts of my doors. He that shall find me shall find life, and shall have salvation from the Lord." (Prov. 8. 22-35.) This is the chapter that the Church appoints to be read at the Epistle for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and many other feasts of Our Blessed Lady.

But some say beware! Catholics often exaggerate devotion to Our Lady, and end by preferring her to Jesus.

Who speak thus? Only Protestants, and infidels. Catholics clearly know and realize the infinite distance there is between the Creator and the creature, between God and any human being however highly privileged. They know moreover, that all the privileges of Mary are in Jesus, but in an infinitely greater proportion. That she has received all from Jesus Himself: her graces are but streams flowing from that divine ocean, rays communicated to her from the Divine Sun of Justice. Consequently all the lustre they shed on Mary, is only an additional glory to be referred to Jesus Who has thus magnificently enriched her. No, no! Jesus cannot be jealous of the honor paid to His Mother any more than the sun can be jealous of the moon's tranquil light which is the mere reflection of his own golden beams.

But, the objectors say, Catholics have more confidence in Mary than in Jesus, and that is an impiety! Well we are not so easily shocked! The esteem which resides in the intellect is one thing, the sentiment that moves the heart is another; which is only another way of describing appreciative love and sensible love. With appreciative love, every Christian soul loves Jesus Christ best, recognizing that to His sorrowful Passion and Death it owes all its good. With sensible love, or a love of tenderness, the same soul may perhaps be more powerfully drawn towards our Blessed Mother, though it does not revere her as profoundly as it does Her Divine Son. And what wonder that it should be so? Do not children feel more tenderness for their mother than for their father? Our Lady is our Mother, therefore we run confidently to her,

"We fly to her patronage," as children in danger fly to the arms of their mother. St. Bernard says, that this is one of the loving counsels of Divine Providence. "The Lord," he says "compassionating human weakness, has willed to provide us a Mediator. Fearest thou to appeal directly to the Divine Father because the greatness of His divinity overawes thee? He has given thee an intercessor, in the person of His Son Jesus Christ clothed like thee in human flesh. Art thou also afraid to go to Him, for after all He is thy God, and will one day be thy Judge? Behold then, I give thee a mediatrix with Him in His own sweetest Virgin Mother. What fear canst thou have in approaching Her? What terror can she strike into thee? She knows nothing of the sacred anger of the Lord; there is nothing terrible in her, nothing severe

nor bitter; but all sweetness, all mercy, a very fountain of milk and honey. Why then dost thou not turn to Her? Dost fear to be rejected by Her? Thou wouldst be the very first in the world."

We, then, heedless of the scandal of certain modern Pharisees, sure of doing no wrong to Jesus, sure rather of pleasing and honoring Him, shall go on turning with love and confidence to Mary. In the hour of sorrow specially shall we turn to her for balm and comfort. In trouble of mind and heart look at Her, as she stands at the Foot of the Cross, her heart pierced with the sword of sorrow she says to you: "Courage! see how I suffer!" Take refuge in her heart: tears will be sweetened, if poured out upon your Mother's breast!

Chapter XI

Jesus Great in His Spouse

Were it given to a man not only to choose his spouse, but also to form her according to his good pleasure, what care would he not bestow upon adorning the chosen one with every splendid prerogative?

This was indeed the privilege of the Divine Redeemer. As He chose and formed for Himself a Mother, dowering her with His richest gifts, so also He chose and formed a Spouse,

worthy of Himself, namely the Church, which he founded." . . . . the husband is the head of the wife, as Christ is the Head of the Church." (Eph. 5. 23.)

We will consider awhile the beautiful qualities with which He has willed to adorn His beloved Spouse. This will make us better know and admire the magnificence of the Divine Spouse Himself.

The first of these gifts is unity. On the Eve of His Passion, Jesus besought this unity of His Father: "Holy Father, keep them in My Name, whom Thou hast given Me: that they may be one, as We also are . . . . and not for them only do I pray, but for them also, who through their word shall believe in Me, that they all may be one, as Thou Father in Me, and I in Thee: that they also may be one in Us." (John 17. 11, 20-21.) Throughout this beautiful prayer to

His Heavenly Father, at the Last Supper, the idea of this unity constantly recurs. The prayer was not in vain.

St. Ireneus, so long ago as the second century of the Christian era could write: "The faith preached by the Apostles and their disciples, although spread throughout the whole world, has been preserved with such extreme care by the Church, it would seem as though she inhabited but one single house." What St. Ireneus affirmed of those first days of the Church, was repeated of their own times by the Bishops of succeeding ages.

Throughout the long series of 266 Popes who have governed the Roman Church from the catacombs or the Christian Capitol to our own times: throughout the series of 19 Œcumenical Councils held in the Church from the Council of Nicea to that of the Vatican, not one Pope or Council

can be found contradicting another on any point of doctrine. You may go back through all the ages and listen to the echo of the multitudes of Catholic voices which have ever spoken, you will find that all as with one single mouth repeat the same Creed. Whence this marvel? Because all have the same Head, and all therefore live by Him. "So we being many, are one body in Christ." (Rom. 12. 5.)

"Behold this great multitude of believers," said the French preacher, Father Felix; "Christ is living in their midst, Christ, the Head, the Heart, the centre of Christian humanity regenerated by Him. We being many, are one body in Christ!" He is the apex of that great Pyramid the Catholic hierarchy. From Christ the Head, the authority descends upon the supreme Pontiff, His visible representative. From the Supreme Pon-

tiff it devolves upon our Bishops, from our Bishops it passes into our priests and by means of our priests it reaches the humblest of the people. Thus all form one single family in which all converges to Christ, all goes back to Christ, all rests in Christ: "We being many are one Body in Christ!" Is not this unity of the Spouse of Christ beautiful and harmonious beyond words?

More beautiful too, it will seem to us, if we consider the splendor of sanctity with which her Divine Spouse has decked Her brow. St. Paul describes this sanctity in glowing words "Christ also loved the Church, and delivered Himself up for it: that He might sanctify it, cleansing it by the laver of water in the word of life. That He might present it to Himself, a glorious Church not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing, but

that it should be holy and without blemish." (Eph. 5. 25-27.)

That is all very well, say the objectors, but how can you call the Roman Church holy, when there are such disorders and scandals among her children? If that were even true, what consequence do you suppose would follow? First of all, these disorders and scandals could only be imputed to the Church if she authorized them. Far from authorizing them, she condemns them; what blame therefore, can be attached to her? It is not always the fault of the mother if her son is dissolute.

The Church shows forth nothing but sanctity. Holy in the doctrines she proposes to our belief, she aims only at detaching us from the world, to unite us to God.

Holy in her moral code, she not only forbids murder, but commands

moreover the pardon of injuries and the love of enemies. She not only forbids adultery, but even insists on purity of thought and desire. She not only prohibits theft, but urges the giving of alms. Holy in her worship, she only offers us the sight of rites and ceremonies which raise our souls to Heaven. And what marvellous fruits of sanctity has she always and in all places brought forth. Shall we ever know the miracles of virtue, the sublime folly of the Cross in the company of the Apostles, in the troops of virgins, in the legions of martyrs, all casting down their trophies at her feet, all surrounding her as a crown of glorious sanctity! "Oh, how beautiful is the chaste generation with glory, for the memory thereof is immortal: because it is known both with God and with men!" (Wisd. 4. 1.)

Does it detract from her holiness, if

in some of her children, nay even in some of her consecrated ministers, there are scandals and disorders? She expels them from her bosom and flings them from her in wrath.

Besides her sanctity she has the prerogative of universality. Truth of which holiness is the perfume must be everywhere and at all times diffused and extended; therefore truth is Catholic or universal. It was precisely for this end that Christ instituted His Church. "Go ye" says our Lord, "into the whole world." (Mark 16. 15.) Behold the universality of place! "Teach ye all nations," (Matt. 28. 19.) the universality of persons; "teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you," (Mat. 28. 20.) the universality of doctrine; "And behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." (Matt. 28. 20.) the universality of time.

Such is the Roman Catholic Church. No heretic of either ancient or modern times has ever contested her universality. If you ask in London, Berlin or St. Petersburg for the Catholic (or universal) Church, no one will conduct you to any church but the one in communion with Rome. She is in truth the only church which is not exclusive either in locality, or as belonging to one country or nation more than to another. All other religions bear the character of each separate nation; they each speak as a rule, but one language. Buddhism speaks Chinese or some other of the languages of Asia: Brahminism speaks Sanscrit or Persian: Mahomedanism speaks Arabic: Lutheranism for the most part speaks German: Anglicanism speaks English. It is only the Catholic or universal Church that is polyglot. She preaches her doctrines in all lan-

guages as she did on the day of Pentecost. The work of God was confided by Him to His apostles that they should keep it intact and transmit it intact, as they had received it, to future generations to the end of time.

The chain of succession is never to be broken. Who can guarantee that we are living in the same faith received from Christ through the Apostles, and under the same pastoral government instituted by Christ? This admirable chain is clearly seen in the Roman Church. The last link, our present Holy Father Pius X, is connected in one long unbroken chain with the first link St. Peter and Jesus Christ Who began the series in the person of St. Peter.

And you our separated brethren, who are you, whence come you, whose successors are you? You are the successors of no one. You were born but yesterday,

as Tertullian said to the heretics of his time. We can say the very same to the heretics of our days. We know your origin. Before the apostate monk Luther burnt the papal bull you belonged to us. As a sect you have no genealogy: you are but branches cut off from the tree by the wind of revolt. "You are but of yesterday." Hast thou forgotten, O England, that thou wert once called the Island of Saints? The dowry of Mary? The Catholic Church saw the beginning of thy schism, it may well be that she will also see its end. She was great before the first stone was laid of the wall separating thee from her; she will still be great when the traveller from New Zealand, described by Macaulay, will sit by the broken arches of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul.

All glory to the Roman Catholic Church the true Spouse of Christ, in

whom are reflected all the magnificence and splendor of her Divine Spouse. "Credo in unam, sanctam, Catholicam et Apostolicam Ecclesiam!"

And what practical consequences result from all these truths?

Chiefly two: The Church is the Spouse of Christ; Christ is our Father. The Church therefore is our mother: we ought to love her with all our heart. This love should be all the more ardent in these days, when so many fight against her and revile her; just as the love of the exiled Jews for their beloved Jerusalem, which was the figure of the Church, was never more intense than during their seventy years of captivity in Babylon. The 136th Psalm describes in beautiful language their love and sorrow in a strange land, when remembering their beloved city: "Upon the rivers of Babylon, there we sat and wept, when we

remembered Sion. On the willows in the midst thereof, we hung up our instruments. For there they that led us into captivity required of us the words of songs. And they that carried us away said: Sing ye to us a hymn of the songs of Sion. How shall we sing the song of the Lord in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten. Let my tongue cleave to my jaws if I do not remember thee. If I make not Jerusalem the beginning of my joy." (Ps. 136. 1-6.)

But the Spouse of Christ, being appointed by Him the guide and teacher of all nations, we owe her, besides the love of children for their mother, the homage of our faith as our Infallible Teacher. This faith must be entire, embracing each and every article she proposes to our belief. And why? Because the reason of this

faith, namely the Divinity of the Church, covers every single dogma that she teaches. If you admit that the Church speaks to us in the name of Jesus Christ, it is clear she cannot err on one point any more than she can upon another. We cannot therefore refuse to accept any one dogma. Our reason for accepting one compels our acceptance of all.

Away with half belief, Protestant rather than Catholic, which accepts one dogma and refuses another, which believes in hell, and denies its eternity; which reveres the word of Christ, but protests against the infallibility of His Vicar. Remember that the whole body of the truths of faith is not like a parliamentary measure in debate, the several articles of which can be thrown out or amended. Neither is it a store in which you can buy one article and refuse another.

It is a building so supremely perfect and complete that you must accept it in its entirety. Detach but a single stone and the whole will fall to the ground. Take the Church as God has made it, or leave it altogether. Embracing it wholly, you will be a true Catholic; rejecting it wholly, you will be an unbeliever, but at least you will be logical.

Ah, but some things are out of date; one cannot believe in them in the 20th Century. Christianity has had its day, a few years more will see the end of the Church.

It is now many centuries since the Church has listened to these prophecies. She is at this moment, and in spite of them all, as full of vigor and life as she was when St. Paul described her to the Ephesians: "A glorious Church not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing." (Eph. 5. 27.)

Chapter XII

Jesus Great in His Vicar

Our Divine Saviour was not to tarry long upon the earth. After a few years only of His Public Life He was to return to the Kingdom of His glory. On the other hand He had promised the first members of His Church, that He would be with them "all days, even unto the consummation of the world." How could He do this? By continuing His Divine assistance to the Church, and by leaving her His visible representative on earth,

namely His Vicar, to assist her in all her needs. Let us consider for a moment this man, and we shall find in the greatness of the Vicar a new greatness in the Lord Whose place he holds.

As the time of His departure drew near, Jesus called unto Him His Apostles, and in the most solemn manner said to Simon: "Thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And whatever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound in heaven: and whatever thou shalt loose upon earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven." (Matt. 16. 18-19.)

To Peter also, the Divine Master said on the eve of His Passion: "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not: and thou being once converted, confirm thy brethren." (Luke 22. 32.) And after His Resurrection, it

was Peter whom Christ had solemnly commanded to feed His lambs, and His sheep, that is, the little ones of His flock together with their pastors and teachers. By these solemn words, Christ conferred upon Peter full authority to teach and to govern the Church. In all the various figures by which the Church is symbolized in the Gospel, whether as a building or a sheepfold, or a ship or a kingdom, in all these figures I say, the majestic personality of Peter stands out dominant. He is the rock, the shepherd, the prince, the pilot.

And for how long was this stupendous authority to last? As long as the Church itself. Peter was to exercise it himself during his life and in the person of his successors throughout all ages. For twenty centuries the Papacy has subsisted, there is no wrinkle on its brow, but youth ever renewed as the ages roll on.

"Thy youth shall be renewed as the eagle's." (Ps. 102. 5.) The fiercest battles have ever been waged against it. From the day when the blood of the first Pope dyed one of the seven hills of Rome, the history of the Papacy has been one long story of warfare.

The sword of the Cæsars, the pen of the heresiarchs, the cunning of the sophists, are all arrayed against it. It passes on unheeding, and pursuing its triumphal march through the ages fills the whole earth with its greatness. Its enemies still surround it. How can they arrest its triumphs? Shall they condemn the Popes to exile? Full forty times have they been cast out of their Rome to return each time in greater glory. Shall they rob them of their temporal power? The whole world, from the richest millionaire to the humblest workman, will vie with one another in a sublime mani-

festation of faith to succor them in their need. Shall they hold them captive in the Vatican? Even from their prison house they will raise their voice: its echoes will reach the uttermost parts of the earth. Shall they kill them? It is easy to kill an unarmed old man. Thirty of the Popes were killed in the first three centuries, but then as now, that blood will be the seed of fresh life. A Pope may be killed, but the Papacy does not die: when it lies exhausted to all outward appearance from within its strength returns in unabated vigor like that of Samson.

In the year 1865 when Napoleon III was beginning the treacherous conduct which cost the Church so much suffering, Pius IX, speaking to Henri d'Ideville, the last of the French diplomats to leave Rome, said to him these grave words: "Impress deeply upon your son's mind the re-

membrance of the old man clad in white whom he now beholds. What ever may happen to me who am nothing, know that in this same place where I now stand, your son should he return as an old man with his sons and his grandsons, will find here in my stead, another man clad also in white as I am."

More than forty years have passed since that day. I know not whether the young d'Ideville still lives, but if he does, he can see with his own eyes, in the very place where Pius IX spoke with his father, another man clad in white. The greater number of those who drenched the saintly Pope with vinegar and gall have disappeared. Napoleon has gone, and with him the empire and even the monarchy of France, while an old man clad in white is still where his predecessor spoke to the Frenchman, while the whole earth

bows before him in reverent homage.

Pius X can say the same as Pius IX. Kingdoms and empires, republics and principalities will pass away. Conservatives and radicals, monarchists and socialists will pass away, but the man clad in white will remain. Many statues of modern idols will fall around him, destroyed under the weight of the ages or by the hammer of sane reason, but he will remain. Other and more sacrilegious monuments he may see raised aloft; the statue of the goddess of reason, perhaps even that of Satan, or as of old, that of Pluto, will fall in ruins at the feet of the man clad in white. "They shall all perish, but thou remainest, and all of them grow old like a garment: And as a vesture thou shalt change them, and they shall be changed. But thou art always the self same, and thy years shall not fail." (Ps. 101. 27-28.)

The man clad in white will still be there. He will hold aloft the torch of truth in the midst of the daily increasing darkness of error and lying. He will safely steer the bark of Peter through the troubled waves, unheeding the noise of the tempest. He will guard intact the deposit of just and wholesome principles which must govern the civil and religious world.

To the great ones of the earth who would do evil, he will cry: "Non licet!" It is not lawful! To the crafty who will strive to make him their accomplice in evil, he will say: "Non possumus." To those who would subject him to the caprices of the mighty, he will say with Peter and the apostles: "We ought to obey God rather than man." (Acts 5. 29.) Such will be the work of the man clad in white amid the incessant changes of the clothing and the banners of the enemy.

"They shall all perish, but thou remainest, and all of them shall grow old like a garment." (Ps. 101. 27.)

But meanwhile some say, the man of whom you speak goes sadly, anxiously and with tears; he looks for the better days that come not. He does indeed, but who has told you that those better days are not coming and that he may not be able to cry out with the Psalmist: "According to the multitude of my sorrows in my heart, Thy comforts have given joy to my soul." (Ps. 93. 19.)

The Lord is often wont to leave His Church as it were a prey to her enemies in order that she may be the better purified in the fire of tribulation, and that she may win countless moral victories that are only to be won by arduous fighting. But after he has purified adorned and morally glorified her, He often deigns to grant her,

even here below, some brilliant and lasting triumph. He grants her this to humble the pride of her enemies, to strengthen the weakness of her servants, and to glorify thereby His own right Hand to make known to all the special care He takes of His Church, and to show that He is not deaf to the cries and prayers she constantly pours out before Him. The Divine Spouse has thus dealt with her, throughout the whole of her history from the triumph of Constantine to the triumph of Pius VII. Shall He not do something of a like nature even in our days?

Is the Angel of God's justice about to sound the trumpet of doom, summoning all nations to the general judgment, and are we all rapidly nearing those days, in which the Son of Man coming on earth will find no faith among men? If so we can

do nothing but cover ourselves with sackcloth and ashes and prostrate on the ground implore pardon and mercy.

Or are there signs that the final catastrophe is not so near at hand? Oh then, we have every right to hope that the Divine Master will look with an eye of pity upon His Spouse and His Vicar, and that He will still the raging storm, as He did of old, in the frail bark tossing on the angry sea, when "rising up He commanded the winds and the sea, and there came a great calm." (Matt. 8. 26.)

Do not ask me how or when this will be done. Our Lord has told us: "It is not for you to know the times or moments, which the Father hath put in His own power." (Acts 1. 7.) What we do know for certain is that He loves His Spouse and His Vicar now no less than He did of old and

that His Arm is not shortened. In His secret Councils He holds thousands of varied means to help them which He can draw forth when the hour appointed by Himself shall have struck.

Do we already hear the striking of that hour? Do we see in the recesses of the Vatican a renewal of that scene in Jerusalem when the first Peter was in prison and "prayer was made without ceasing by the Church unto God for him." (Acts 12. 5.) How sweet the thought when every ray of human hope is gone, when the morrow is to be his last day, Peter sleeps unmoved. "And when Herod would have brought him forth, the same night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains, and the keepers before the door kept the prison. And behold, an angel of the Lord stood by him, and a

light shone in the room, and he striking Peter on the side raised him up, saying: Arise quickly. And the chains fell off from his hands. And the angel said to him: Gird thyself and put on thy sandals. And he did so. And he said to him: Cast thy garment about thee, and follow me. And going out he followed him, and he knew not that it was true which was done by the angel, but thought he saw a vision. . . . . And Peter coming to himself said: Now I know in very deed that the Lord hath sent His angel, and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod, and from all the expectation of the people of the Jews. And considering, he came to the house of Mary the mother of John, who was surnamed Mark, where many were gathered together and praying. And when he knocked at the door of the gate, a damsel came to hearken,

whose name was Rhode. And as soon as she knew Peter's voice she opened not the gate for joy, but running in she told that Peter stood before the gate. But they said to her: Thou art mad. But she affirmed that it was so. Then said they: it is his Angel. But Peter continued knocking. And when they had opened, they saw him, and were astonished. But he beckoning to them with his hand to hold their peace, told how the Lord had brought him out of prison." (Acts 12. 6-17.)

Oh then will the people assembled in the world's grandest basilica break forth in hymns of praise and songs of joy. "Te Deum laudamus!" Thou art Christ the king of glory, Christ who livest and reignest for ever, Glory to Christ and to Peter and to His Vicar for all eternity. Amen.

Chapter XIII

Jesus Great in His Martyrs

Jesus Christ as we have already seen is a King. He must therefore have His army and His soldiers. Who are these soldiers of Christ? They are His martyrs, who have fought for Him to the shedding of their life blood for Him.

The great kings of the earth as long as they live may infuse martial ardor into their troops, but as soon as they die the warlike spirit also dies within the breast of their soldiers; not one of them

dreams of giving his life for his dead king. With Jesus it is just the reverse.

After His death there is enkindled in thousands of hearts the most burning desire to fight for Him and for His faith. This desire grows and is transmitted from generation to generation throughout all ages even to our own times. Admirable and unique are these soldiers, who so clearly show us that the King for whom they fight and die is no ordinary King. Let us attentively consider this spectacle in its chief circumstances.

The most remarkable of these is the vast multitudes of these valiant champions of the Lord.

In the course of the first three centuries of the Christian era there were ten persecutions throughout the length and breadth of the vast Roman Empire. Fifteen emperors one after another assailed the Church. In the

tenth Persecution seventeen thousand Christians were slaughtered in the space of a single month. In Egypt one hundred and forty four thousand were killed in ten years, while six hundred thousand were driven into exile. Then in the 4th. Century there were partial persecutions in Persia and in Africa under the Goths and the Vandals, one of which lasting forty years produced two hundred thousand martyrs. From age to age, even to our own times, in China, Japan and Cochin China there have never been wanting martyrs of Christ. Their numbers are not counted by hundreds of thousands but by millions. Some say twelve, others nineteen; if we say only ten millions what a number! Ten million men testifying to Christ by their blood, singing a hymn unique in this world. "The white robed army of martyrs praise Thee, O God!"

And when you pass in review this countless army the wonder grows. Who are they? Are they fools, ignorant, the dregs of the people? Not at all. They are from every class and state and condition, united in one single thing—virtue; they are in all else absolutely dissimilar. The vestments of the priests, the tunics of the knights, the togas of the magistrates, the mantles of the senators and the philosophers, uniforms of all sorts and descriptions pass in procession before us, all differing but all alike, dyed red with the blood of these heroes. They pass before the Cross saluting it on their way to death with the cry of the Roman gladiators: "Morituri te salutant."

More wonderful still, among this heroic band are feeble, aged men, timid women whose strength and constancy can only have come to them from Heaven. Even tender children

are in the noble company. How pitiful they appear.

The young brothers Justus and Pastor are there beautiful in their smiling innocence. The tyrant strives to win them over by false flatteries and fair promises. But strong in the faith of Christ they stand firm, proof against all his arts. He condemns them to death and orders that the eldest shall first be killed. At the sight of the drawn sword they neither tremble nor pale, and when the eldest falls under the executioner's stroke at the feet of his young brother, the child cries out in joyful tones: "Thou hast conquered!" and gladly offers his own neck to the sword dripping and red with his brother's blood.

But death was not always inflicted by one single blow. The tyrants thought little of death if it was not preceded by the most barbarous tor-

ments. How can one describe the fearful apparatus always at hand to terrify the stoutest hearts. There were scourges weighted with lead, wheels with spikes, iron hooks, racks, all that the most ingenious cruelty could devise to torture the bodies of the martyrs. And not in their bodies alone were they tormented. They suffered in their honor, in their goods, in their families, in their very chastity fiercely attacked. To these sorrows and pains were added the most atrocious calumnies and sarcasms, and all this was borne by men, women, children and the aged.

And why did they suffer all these things? For refusing to burn a grain of incense before an idol; for not denying Christ, a simple denial to which they were urged by the most brilliant promises. The martyrs were generally the arbiters of their own

fate. On one side were torments and death, on the other rewards and riches. With what gladness they chose the bitterest torments and the cruellest death, rather than the life of pleasure and ease which could so easily be theirs. Was this natural? Did it come from fanaticism? Oh no! their intrepidity was not blind, they well knew what they were doing. Nor was it violent, for they went to meet death calmly, peacefully, as lambs in the midst of wolves. Nor again was it produced by the overthrow of reason, for their words in the presence of their judges and tyrants admirably showed their untroubled serenity of mind.

This is not the behavior of fanatics, a behavior unaltered under the stroke of death, even when it was dealt to them in places and at times in which no human help could support their constancy.

You see this especially in the story of Sebastian, the brave soldier of Christ and valiant officer of Cæsar. Diocletian discovering that he was a Christian, called his fierce Numidian archers and bade them away with him at daybreak to do him to death. They were to bind him to a stake and leisurely shoot at him, but not to hit a vital part so that by slow degrees he might feel all the agony of death.

When morning arrives Sebastian is taken into a neighboring courtyard, his uniform is torn from his back, he is bound to a tree trunk, and the archers sharpen their arrows. He watches them undaunted, his fearless eyes showing the greatness of his heroic soul. And yet, humanly speaking, this was no death for a Roman soldier and valiant captain such as he was. How different this shameful

lonely death, to the glorious death he had so often braved in battle.

From the tree of his execution he looks around and finds no friend, no faithful companion near to comfort and console who will tell how he bore himself. He is in a silent deserted place, it is still hardly light, while the barbarian archers shoot as they have been told, leisurely, the while their ferocious jests fill his ear. In this sordid scene, more like the execution of some low criminal than the glorious confession of faith, he must have slowly tasted all the bitterness and cruelty of this agonizing death. And yet, how grand he is in the midst of it all!

When of old he had braved a glorious death on the battle field, urged on by the applause of his comrades, sustained by the cheers of his enthusiastic cohort, his bravery was

conspicuous but purely human. Now ignobly tied to a tree, alone before a band of savage archers whose blasphemous ribaldry fills him with loathing, with no human comfort at hand to support him, he shows a divine valor which recalls the sublime image of the patient sufferer on Calvary. The arrows whizz round his head, they enter into his quivering flesh by twos and threes, the barbarous game is prolonged until he is covered with them, and then exhausted, like Jesus on the Cross he calmly bows his head. Such is the heroism and the greatness of the martyrs.

It is also the sublimest homage man can pay to the Divinity of Jesus Christ. Human wickedness may destroy the temples of the Martyrs, break open their tombs and cast their ashes to the four winds, but it can never blot out from history their glory and

that of Christ for Whom they died. "The white robed army of the Martyrs praise Thee!"

The grand story of the martyrs besides teaching us deepest reverence for Christ, is a stimulus and comfort to our souls. A stimulus, for we also have enemies to combat. There are the devil, the world and the flesh, all banded together to work us harm. We have need of invincible fortitude to parry their blows. True we shall probably not be required to shed our blood. "You have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin." (Heb. 12. 4.) But for the very reason that our combats are so much easier than those of the martyrs, so much the more inexcusable will be our cowardice if we are vanquished. We are not to suffer martyrdom: at least let us make those lesser sacrifices demanded of us by the laws of God and

of the Church. Let us not be so keen in seeking comfort and ease, but remember always the practice of Christian mortification.

And if ever our faith were put to a severer test, if some oath or undertaking more or less sacrilegious were required of us, if we found ourselves faced with the hard alternative of sacrificing a lucrative or honorable position or sacrificing our conscience, oh, let us remember that we are the sons of the martyrs. "Thou art of a great family," said the elder Tobias to the Archangel Raphael, whom he believed to be "the son of the great Ananias" (Tob. 5. 19.) We who are descended from so many martyrs, nay who are the sons of Christ the King of martyrs, must never forget that we also "are of a great family." Shame on the coward who dishonors his race; glory to him who is worthy of his fathers.

The story of the martyrs is also a comfort. The finger of God is here, their cause therefore was holy, the religion for which they died is true and divine. No matter how it is combatted in our days it is still, as it ever was, invulnerable.

The story of the Church is one of alternate persecutions and triumphs. The hatred of the Cæsars was unchained against her, the barbarity of men, the cruelty of wild beasts, the fury of the elements. The serpent of heresy has never ceased hissing in hatred and pouring out its deadly venom against her. The rage of hell, though ever vanquished by her, raises up hosts of enemies to destroy her. One after the other these enemies perish before her face. Upon the bones and ashes of her persecutors, she raises her venerable throne.

So it was yesterday, so will it be

today, and tomorrow and to the end of time. Courage then and fidelity to the Church. When the hour of the divine Mercy shall have come we shall say to the Church: Where are they that have fought so long against thee? Struck by the lightnings of God they are laid low. Their unhonored dust crumbles in oblivion, while thy glory and thy reign are raised above all the malice of thy persecutors.

Chapter XIV

Jesus Great in His Saints

God alone is great! These are the opening words of Bossuet's funeral oration spoken in presence of the bier of Louis XIV. France had called him great and he had reigned in splendor and majesty such as few kings had enjoyed. These words must have struck a thrill into the hearts of the hearers.

Indeed God alone is great, with an absolute, essential, perfect greatness. After Him only those are truly

great who approach as nearly as mere creatures can to His sovereign greatness.

The Saints of the Church are these, for they are true disciples, faithful imitators of Christ, and so reflect some of the rays of His greatness. "God is wonderful in His Saints." (Ps. 67. 36.)

This will more clearly appear when we contrast their Christian greatness with mere worldly greatness.

The first thing you seek in a man apart from true moral greatness, is certainly nobility and elevation of mind and thought. Now what are the thoughts of the faithful follower of Christ? Raised upon the wings of faith, he gazes upon the Supreme Being for Whom he feels he is created. He recognizes that his destiny is to praise and serve his God with his whole strength. Hence he concludes

that there is no other good but virtue, no other evil but vice, no other greatness but heavenly greatness. From these lofty thoughts he naturally derives lofty feelings. His heart uplifted and inhaling an atmosphere of heaven disdains to stoop to the hopes and fears of earth, and aspires only to the Infinite. He is a pilgrim on this earth: what matters the place he occupies, the road he treads, provided he reaches his goal at last?

Whom does he love? God and his neighbor according to the order of God. He hates none. What does he desire? Only virtue. What does he fear? Only sin. What does he hope for? Heaven. Therefore in danger, in threats, he is calm and undisturbed.

St. John Chrysostom is such a one. The wicked empress Eudoxia strove by every means to win him to her service or to be revenged upon him,

for he never ceased reproaching her for her evil ways.

She consulted one of her confidants, as to the best means of carrying out her designs. Her courtier told her frankly that there was no possibility of subjugating the Saint.

"Not if we offered him lavish rewards?" asked the Empress. Pure loss of time, was the answer; he esteems riches and honors no more than so much dust.

"Then let us frighten him with terrible threats."—Worse and worse, she was told: he has an iron heart, which knows no fear.

"Well, let us exile him." He would care nothing for exile, for he declares that the earth is an exile, and his true country is above.

"Then I shall cast him into the deepest dungeon." You may, but you will not chain his spirit; from his prison

he will still cry aloud to you: "Non licet." "It is not lawful."

"I shall kill him then." He would ask nothing better than to exchange this life for a better one.

"Is there then no means of repressing this man, can nothing be found which will be hard and bitter to him?" There is one thing alone that he fears and that is the offense of God. If you can induce him to commit sin you will be amply revenged. But it were vain to hope such a thing. The confidant of the Empress showed how well he knew the saintly Bishop's soul.

And it is not only the saints like St. John Chrysostom whose souls are cast in such heroic mould. All through the ages, even in our own times, bishops and priests and nuns and even ordinary Christian laymen have on occasion chosen exile and prison and even death, rather than violate their sacred

duties. Such are the true followers of Christ.

And in the ordinary duties of life, the perfect Christian is he who faithfully serving his God, serves also faithfully his master, his sovereign, his country. His name is not found in the list of conspirators or in criminal cases. No soldier is more valiant, no magistrate more just, no citizen more upright, no woman more pure, more laborious than the true Christian, formed in the school of practical piety. It is among the faithful of Christ that you find the most zealous workers for the good of others.

Among the heroes are St. Louis of France a great saint and great king, St. Vincent de Paul, the apostle of charity, St. Catherine of Siena, whose grand mind and noble soul raised her far above most of the greatest men of her time.

Even nowadays what do we see? Whence comes these bands of apostles setting sail from the shores of their native lands to carry civilization and religion to savages, receiving from them death in all its cruellest forms. Consider too the troops of consecrated virgins devoting their life to charity, in schools, prisons, hospitals. Also the various societies, confraternities of men and women, always ready to succor the poor and unhappy. Human nature is proud of such as these. At what school have they learned these noble lessons but in the school of the gospel? What encourages them in their grand works? It is Jesus Christ Himself Who incites them and fortifies them by His Doctrine, His example and His grace. Their greatness, their glory is all the greatness and glory of Jesus: Truly "God is wonderful in His Saints." (Ps. 67. 36.)

The world is unmoved beholding this greatness: another type of greatness is what it covets, a more dazzling light is what it desires. More noise and commotion, were it even the thunder of the earthquake, are more to its mind. It raises monuments to this kind of greatness, it admires conquerors such as Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon.

When Napoleon had conquered Egypt he planned, in his ambitious dreams, the invasion of Asia, the conquest of Constantinople, the subjection of Russia, Germany and the whole of Europe. Two hundred years before, a humble religious had planned a vaster campaign, a more extensive conquest. Francis Xavier after planting the faith and civilization of Christ in India and Japan, longed to penetrate into China, to traverse the inhospitable regions of Tartary and

the unknown countries of Asia, that he might carry the Cross of Christ to the heathen heretic and infidel populations. Can we doubt which of these two conquests planned, the one by Napoleon, the other by St. Francis Xavier, was the more admirable? Which conqueror was the greater? He who devastates and ruins or he who teaches and consoles? He who traverses nations, slaughter and fire in his path, or he who passes by, blessing and doing good to all as he goes? He who provokes brothers against brothers, or he who soothes and brings peace and concord to all under one Shepherd?

Oh, if we understood better what true glory is, we should not exalt and applaud so loudly as we do those battles and victories which are after all nothing but gigantic slaughters. On the contrary we should value more highly those peaceful enterprises,

which aim at the good of all men, and which mark the true progress of civilization. Worldly greatness has no solid foundation, it is raised on pride and egotism.

Even among the so-called sages and philosophers pride was the main spring of their actions, as we see in the behavior of Diogenes in his tub and of others whose apparently grand deeds were done to win the applause of men.

How different is the virtue of the saints. The just man of the Gospel does not seek after righteousness in order to win the esteem of others, but because it is the only good: he cares not for the appearance of virtue but for the reality. When many live long years in silent patience under calumny, when others, such as St. Anthony, St. Pacomius, St. Benedict bury themselves in frightful solitudes, flying from the admiration excited

by their holiness, we plainly see that while sighing after holiness, their only dread is to be considered holy.

See too the difference between the wisdom of a pagan philosopher and that of a Christian Saint. Diogenes in his tub was told by Alexander the Great that what he desired, he had only to ask, and his wish would be granted. "Get out of my light," replied the churlish sage, "you keep the sun's rays from shining upon me." St. Nilus the anchorite replies with words of spiritual wisdom and beauty to the same question put to him by the Emperor Otho. Laying his thin hand upon the emperor's breast, he said: "You have an immortal soul, which trembles within your breast. One thing I desire, Sire, that you save that soul, and I shall be satisfied." Can you doubt which was the greater sage of these two?

Besides, human greatness is often accompanied by hideous vice Cato, for instance, whose name stands for integrity, if not rigidity, was according to Plutarch, who nevertheless praises him unstintingly, a usurer and an evil liver. Seneca, whose writings won him the title of good, was not in practice so virtuous as his words would lead one to suppose. He encouraged and helped on the love of Nero for the beautiful freedwoman Acte. When Nero murdered Britannicus, he gladly accepted the spoils of the victim. And when the monster murdered his mother Agrippina, it was the moral Seneca who read the apology of the parricide in the Senate. Even of Socrates, who seems to have been the best of the sages, many unpleasant facts were known hence in all probability the old saying arose that the hen of Socrates sang well but scratched badly. And

if the seemingly wise and virtuout of the world are of this sort, whas can be expected of those who are called great on other grounds?

What, for instance, can we think of Peter the Great of Russia? No one can deny that he had some lofty ideas for the good of his country which were crowned with success, but how can we call that man great who in the midst of a banquet summons into his presence some wretched state prisoners and there and then, with his own hand, strikes off their heads like any bloodthirsty savage.

And can we call Frederic II of Prussia great as the world does to this day? Voltaire, who knew him well, said he was made up of passions decked out in a certain wisdom. As for Voltaire himself, though a statue was erected to him in Paris, he had already written his own comdemnation

in describing himself as "a corrupted mind which had never been sublime."

In Geneva a statue was raised to Rousseau. What fitter inscription could it have had than his own words: "I cannot look at any of my books without shuddering. Instead of instructing I poison; in spite of all my fine words, I am nothing but a villain."

At Nice another statue rises to Massena, one of Napoleon's generals. Its truthful inscription should be: "Andrew Massena, a great captain, a great thief, a great fop."

We might go on for ever if we chose to name the various statues erected of late years to such men as Mazzini, Garibaldi, Arnold of Brescia, Giordano Bruno, and others of a like unenviable notoriety. These monuments are like so many signals set up where great shipwrecks have happened,

in order to warn mariners that they must steer clear of these dangerous places.

Such are the world's great ones. Their greatness is imperfect, eaten by the moth of pride, accompanied by horrible vices, while the greatness of the Saints shines forth resplendent with lofty thoughts, with sublime affections, with grand works beneficial to all, harmful to none. To God alone the glory, for He "is wonderful in His Saints."

But you say, there are no longer saints on earth. How can that be? And what about the canonizations and beatifications that so repeatedly take place in the Church?

Ah, but those saints lived in ages long gone by! Yes but in the same way future ages will glorify the saints that are now living. Besides I am speaking not of saints upon our altars, but of saints of paradise. How many

are there of these, even though most of them are hidden from the eyes of the world. All the grains of wheat are not seen on the threshing floor, for they are buried in the mass of straw; shake the straw ever so lightly, and the grains will fall out in great quantities. I cannot but hope and believe that these blessed though hidden grains, are in great numbers in our midst.

Courage then faithful souls who live in the practice of Christian piety. So live that your Jesus may find His delights, and, in a certain sense, His glory in you. That He may show you to the world saying: "These are my followers, show me thine!" While the children of the world dwell in thought among the vile things of the earth, let our souls rise with eagle flight to the contemplation of our Heavenly country.

Chapter XV

Jesus Great in His Second Coming

The consideration of the second coming of Christ, which to most minds brings fear and horror, can be meditated under quite another than the usual aspect.

Indeed Christ Himself presents it to us under that aspect, when in the Gospel He foretells the terrible signs which will precede His second coming: the darkening of the sun and the moon,

the falling of the stars, the quaking of the earth and He concludes with these reassuring words: "When these things begin to come to pass, look up, and lift up your heads: because your redemption is at hand." So He encourages us to lift up our heads: we are not to fear, nor to fall upon the ground in terror, but to look forward to the Kingdom of God, for the day is at hand when His cause is to triumph.

The first triumph of that day will be the triumph of truth. Man being a reasonable creature, hungers after the truth and finding it rejoices in its possession. If he sees it distorted or contradicted he is troubled and indignant, and strives by every means to procure its triumph. All the more, if the truths he defends are of importance and carry far reaching consequences.

Can we say that these truths always triumph in this world?

The first of all these truths is the religion of Christ and all that flows therefrom. By how many is this religion possessed in spirit and in truth?

See the multitudes of infidels, schismatics, heretics, idolaters all over the world; what do we find even in Catholic countries?

Faith is growing cold: little by little the most solemn truths are being eclipsed among the faithful, so that we may say with the royal Prophet: "Truths are decayed from among the children of men." (Ps. 11. 1.)

From the grand conception of one God in three Persons, the Creator Legislator and Judge, men have sunk to the evolution of a certain mythical being, far away among the clouds, with no thought or concern for the earth nor for man, who is left to his own devices in the carrying out of his destiny.

Jesus Christ is no longer the Man-

God, consubstantial with the Father, true God of true God, but a mere sage or philosopher even if He is not altogether a myth.

Man is no longer that admirable being, made up of an immortal reasoning soul and the most marvellous combination of organized matter, but a descendant of the animals, destined like them, after a brief life here below, to be buried in the silence of the tomb, or to be cremated in a public crematorium. The world too, is no longer believed to have been the work of God's hand, as was the belief of our forefathers, but an aggregate of atoms, brought together by chance and time.

As for the Church, it is no longer a Society founded by God with inalienable rights of its own, but the mere slave of the State, to be disposed of according to its good pleasure. These are some of the most popular

beliefs or opinions of the day, religious truths being cast out on to the rubbish heap. "Truths are decayed from among the children of men." (Ps. 11. 1.)

Moral truths fare no better: marriage is coming to be regarded as nothing more than a civil contract, divorce as a necessity, evil living as a mere natural need. Duelling is an honorable duty, suicide the best solution of all the problems of life, revolt from the powers that be the right of all people ripe for liberty. Humility is the sure mark of a slave, chastity of a fool, forgiveness of injuries of a coward or an imbecile. Virtues are turned into vices and vices become virtues on the lips of these unbelievers. "Woe to you" says the Prophet Isaias, "that call evil good and good evil, that put darkness for light and light for darkness: that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter. Woe to you that are

wise in your own eyes, and prudent in your own conceits." (Is. 5. 20-21.)

Is there no tribunal that is to decide these questions? There is the Church, which St. Paul describes as "the Church of the Living God, the pillar and ground of truth." (1 Tim. 3. 15.) But these unbelievers mock at the Church: there must therefore of necessity be another and more imposing tribunal.

Thanks be to God there is, if not among the living, at least among the risen; if not in this world then certainly in the world to come. Then all will see which were right the faithful or unbelievers, the followers of Christ or of the world. We have known all along, but the unbelievers will then see clearly and "these seeing it, shall be troubled with terrible fear." (Wisd. 5. 2.)

In the midst of all the conflicts through which the Church passes and in which the most venerable truths

and principles, both religious and moral, are blasphemed and trampled underfoot, it is a comforting thought that there will come a day when truth shall triumph over the rebellion and contempt of its enemies.

That tribunal awaits you, O ye wise of this world, who boast of knowing all things save Jesus Christ; who despise as weak minded, those who have not the arrogance of irreligion. At that tribunal the just will hear your lamentations: "We have erred from the way of truth." We considered ourselves as wise and behold "the light of justice hath not shined unto us, and the sun of understanding hath not risen upon us." They will say: behold here the truly wise, "they whom we had some time in derision, and for a parable of reproach, we fools esteemed their life madness, and their end without honor. Behold how

they are numbered among the children of God, and their lot is among the Saints." (Wisd. 5. 3-5.) We fools! we fools!

The second triumph of the great day will be the triumph of Justice. Among the lamentations that arise to Heaven from this valley of tears, none are so frequent or so poignant as those that deplore the relative conditions of the just and the wicked here below.

Vice raises its head aloft, and lives in ease and pleasure. Virtue mourns amid misfortunes of every kind, so that seeing this depressing spectacle, we are constantly tempted to exclaim: O justice of God, where art Thou? Even the just man, though he does not question God's justice, is troubled and cries out with David: "My feet were almost moved, my steps had well nigh slipt. Because I had a zeal on

occasion of the wicked, seeing the prosperity of sinners." (Ps. 27. 2-3.)

A truce to such lamentations. The Lord holds the wicked bound to His throne: their chains may be long, but they cannot be broken. He is patient because He is Eternal. The day of justice will dawn at last in the great Valley.

And ye sorrowful who now eat the bread of sorrow, though your hearts are pure and your hands are clean, blame not Divine Providence for your hard lot.

The day is at hand when your hidden and often despised virtues will be laid open and admired before the whole world, when the thorny crown you have worn in life will be exchanged for a diadem of glory and you will shine, even as the stars of heaven. "The just shall shine and shall run to and fro, like sparks among the reeds. They shall judge nations and

rule over people, and their Lord shall reign for ever." (Wisd. 3. 7-8.)

On the other hand the wicked, who now prosper and flourish and go bravely covered with the hypocritical cloak of deceitful virtues, shall be filled with shame when the Sun of Justice, blazing in splendor around them, "will bring to light the hidden thing of darkness and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts." (1 Cor. 4. 5.) How many masks will fall on that day, how many whitened sepulchres be laid bare. Then Lazarus will be in glory far removed from Dives, Naboth will exult in the sight of Achab. Innocent victims will triumph over their tormentors. In that great day the clouds hiding Divine Providence will be for ever rolled away. It will then be clearly seen that virtue was tried only to increase its merit and its exceeding great reward, that vice

prospered only to be reserved for a heavier chastisement. Divine Justice amply recognized by the elect and the reprobate, by men and angels, will then have its splendid triumph.

Take away this last scene in the world's history and you will find disorder everywhere. Keep the thought of the last judgment in the Valley of Josaphat in mind, and all is in order again.

The wise ones of the world declare that the thought of the last judgment is to be banished if we wish to keep our senses. On the contrary, our reason could be easily troubled by the sight of virtue oppressed and of vice triumphant, if we were not supported by the thought of that last judgment.

The third triumph of that day will be the triumph of the glory of Jesus Christ. His glory is daily and in thousands of ways outraged on earth.

It must on that day have a solemn reparation. "There came in my heart as a burning fire, shut up in my bones, and I was wearied not being able to bear it," says the Prophet Jeremias. And why? "for I heard the reproaches of many, and terror on every side." (Jer. 20. 9-10.) "and the word of the Lord is a reproach to me and a derision all the day." (Jer. 20. 8.)

These same words may be truthfully said of these days in which we live. On all sides we see hatred of Christ, His Church and His Vicar. Statues and monuments are everywhere erected to those who blaspheme and deride God and His Church and all that is most sacred in Heaven and on earth. Sacrilegious voices everywhere proclaim that the age of superstition is over, the papacy has had its day, and upon its ruins must be planted free thought which is only another name for rampant infidelity.

Elated with the victories already gained in the spoliation of the Church, in the imprisonment of the Pope, they cry aloud: "Where is your God?"

You ask where is our God? Behold, He comes. "Howl ye, for the day of the Lord is near: it shall come as a destruction from the Lord." (Is. 13. 6.) A thousand years in His sight are as yesterday which is past.

Behold He comes. Heralded by the Angel's trumpets, preceded by His Cross, surrounded by the Heavenly host, He sits upon a throne of clouds and fire, to do judgment upon the wicked who have insulted Him. "Know thou, and see that it is an evil and a bitter thing for thee to have left the Lord Thy God." (Jer. 2. 19.)

St. John describes the Judge as he saw Him in vision: "His eyes were as a flame of fire, and in His head were many diadems. . . . And He

was clothed with a garment sprinkled with blood; and His name is called, The Word of God. . . And out of His mouth proceeded a sharp two-edged sword; that with it He might strike the nations. . . . . And He hath on His garment, and on His thigh written: King of Kings, and Lord of Lords." (Apoc. 19. 12-13, 15-16.) Who can endure such a sight?

The daring of His enemies will melt away at His approach. Before the face of Christ, Whom they have mocked, they will fall prostrate and vanquished. "And a voice came out from the throne saying: Give praise to our God all ye His servants; and you that fear Him, little and great. And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of many thunders saying, Alleluia: for the Lord our God Almighty hath reigned." (Apoc. 19. 5-6.)

O day of light and glory and triumph! O solemn and awful day, when will you come? Come oh come to expiate centuries of wickedness. Come, O just Judge, to settle all disputes. "And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come!" (Apoc. 22. 17.) Then shall truth be clearly shown and lying be confounded, virtue exalted, vice unmasked. The glory of Christ shall conquer in all its splendor: the impiety of His enemies shall be brought to the dust. He says: "Surely I come quickly: Amen. Come, Lord Jesus." (Apoc. 22. 20.)

How is it then that the mere thought of this second coming of Christ, ardently to be desired for so many reasons, should cause our hearts to quake with fear? The reason is that on that day, not only the wicked but we also shall be summoned to judgment.

The Divine Judge holds in His Hand two sentences, the one good

the other terrible. It depends upon ourselves alone to earn the sentence of blessing. Let us strive therefore to deserve that blessed sentence by leading a sincerely Christian life, so that on that day the final victory of Christ will be also our victory. Pray therefore with the Church:

"Conscious of guilt I weep and groan.
I blush my weight of sins to own.
O cleanse my soul's deep stain. . . . .

O Righteous Judge! 'tis Thine to spare.
Let me Thy kind forgiveness share
Before the awful day. . . . . .

With broken heart to Thee I bend.
Spare me, Thy suppliant, in the end,
Save me oh God of Love.

Spare me then Lord! receive my prayer.
Let those who sleep Thy mercy share,
Grant them eternal rest. Amen!"
(*Dies Irae.*)

Chapter XVI

Jesus Great in His Divinity

As we near the close of this little treatise on the greatness of Jesus, it will be well to develop a little more fully the chief proofs that show the Divinity of His Person of His Mission and of His Work which is the Catholic Church.

These proofs are:

1. The miracles Jesus wrought during His mortal life.
2. His Resurrection.

3. The fulfilment of all the prophecies relating to His Person and Divine Mission.

4. The miracles wrought by His Apostles and disciples.

5. The accomplishment of the prophecies He Himself made.

6. The miraculous establishment of His Religion, and its duration throughout the ages.

7. The testimony of the martyrs.

8. The marvellous fruits produced by Christianity, and the amazing revolution it made in the world.

9. The doctrinal teaching of Jesus.

10. The incomparable sanctity of Jesus.

Some of these points have already been developed, others are found in the treatise on the Incarnate Word, of Pere Billot, S. J., Professor of Theology in the Gregorian University, Rome. "Suppose," he says, "that

some sage such as Plato, or indeed any reasonable man acquainted with the condition of human nature, were to be asked what he thought of a man, who in past times giving Himself out as a Man-God openly and in the light of the world and of history, had been able perfectly to sustain that character and to appear throughout so many centuries really as the Man-God; of a man whose sanctity had been so full and complete, that through the difference of ages and of times he should always have shown Himself everywhere and always as a perfect examplar, that he had grafted the self-same seeds of the most conspicuous virtues in Greeks and Romans and barbarians of every country, of a man who could with truth call Himself the Light of the world because to that world sitting in darkness He had given light re-

vealing to it God and the things of eternity; and that He was to this day the only light illuminating the world; of a man who had always and to all men shown Himself so good, so affable, so beneficent that even to this day He encourages the weak who call to Him, heals the sick who pray to Him, consoles the sorrowful and gives to all who confide in Him the peace which surpasseth all understanding; of a man who though He has disappeared these nineteen hundred years from the world, has been loved with perennial, ardent, effective love by a great part of the human race, while he has been hated and detested with an inextinguishable and ever new hatred by the other part, who remaining with us forever not by a visible presence, but by His spiritual efficacy should still endure the same contradictions and be assailed by the same

forms of sin as in His mortal life; if I say, some wise personage were asked his opinion of such a man, what could he possibly reply but that such a man was an altogether unique personality, a being of another world, a man united truly with the Divinity as He had proclaimed Himself to be.

Now all these things were verified in Christ in the sight of all men, and will ever continue to be verified in Him.

For He lived not in an obscure, unknown age, but in an historical luminous age, one of the most remarkable of antiquity. He lived under the Roman government, in a country in communication with the whole world, the centre of many provinces. The Jews being spread throughout the world and coming up to Jerusalem in great numbers every year for the

Pasch and for Pentecost, carried back with them to their own homes the news of all that was being done in Palestine. Therefore a great part of the world may be said to have witnessed all that happened during the Public Life and Ministry of our Lord, His Passion and Death and Resurrection, together with the promulgation of His Gospel. Moreover the Apostles who at once dispersed to preach the gospel throughout the world did not go chiefly to obscure and out of the way villages, but went straight to splendid cities such as Antioch, Athens, Corinth, Ephesus, and Rome.

Then when the Cross of Christ was brought within the walls of Rome and into the other celebrated centres of the East and West, it was as it were set up on a mountain. There it remained age after age as a target raised in the midst of the nations,

against which from all quarters were aimed the arrows of the wicked.

To this day the Scribes and Pharisees of rationalism strive to catch Jesus in His speech, the Sadducees, who deny the Resurrection, draw near to Him. To this day is repeated that which St. John describes "There was much murmuring among the multitude concerning Him: For some said He is a good man. And others said: No, but He seduceth the people." (John 7. 12.)

After all these questionings and observations and oppositions, no one has been able to explain the life of Christ as that of a mere man: for if you deny His Divinity, He is then an insoluble enigma. History tells of many who have affected divine honors or who for some reason have been raised by men to those honors, and who after a short while have fallen natur-

ally from their throne and been buried under the weight of ridicule.

With Jesus it is not so. He is still on His heavenly throne to receive the adorations of some and the negations of others. Even Renan thus apostrophises Him: "Rest now in Thy glory! For a thousand years the world will feel thy influence. The Banner of our contradictions, Thou shalt be the standard round which the fiercest of battles will be fought. A thousand times more full of life, a thousand times more loved than in the days of Thy passage here below, Thou shalt be the corner-stone of the human race to such an extent that the uprooting of Thy Name from this world would be the shaking of the very foundations of the earth." These words are wrung from the evidence of facts and from the testimony of conscience. However enervated by vice, however enthralled

by false divinities, conscience, when it enters into itself and gazes upon the Divine Figure which shines forth in the Gospel exclaims, even in spite of itself: Behold, how a God made man is born, lives and speaks, and agonizes and dies.

Then what wonders do we see when we consider His perennial efficacy in converting hearts and reforming conduct. Rationalists say, and truly, that no man can by his own efforts free himself from the influence of his surroundings, of the place and of the time in which he is born and has to live. Therefore every man will always and in all circumstances be the son of his family, of his race, of his time. Now Jesus Christ on the contrary is of no one time but of all times, of no special nation but of all nations; He knows no barriers, no limitations. For nineteen hundred

years He has exercised His efficacious activity throughout the whole world and upon all sorts of people.

St. Clement of Alexandria says of Him: "This true Orpheus with lute and song, that is with His preaching and with the acts of His life and His Passion, ever tames the savage instincts of man, transforming his wild nature into the mildness of the Gospel, giving Him an old but ever new example, which spurs him on to the pursuit of every moral perfection. Man, of his own self, seated in darkness and in the shadow of death needs light in that thick darkness that he may be illumined about eternal truths. Jesus appears amongst us, the only begotten of the Father He comes forth from the bosom of God, from the glory of God; and from that moment it is clearly seen that those who close their eyes to the Light of the world, stumble in the

thick darkness vainly seeking the way of Truth."

Men sigh for peace, comfort and help. But Jesus needs not to seek it, on the contrary He offers it: "Come to me," He says, "all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you." (Matt. 11. 28.) He alone can say such things without being mocked as a fool, for He alone can do these things. He alone can console the afflicted, strengthen the weak, enable the pusillanimous to support courageously the labors and sorrows of life.

Other men die and are buried in their graves, posterity no longer holds their memory dear. Who indeed ever thirsts to shed his blood for Socrates or Plato or Virgil? Or to leave father and mother, or the riches and pleasures and comforts of life for their sake?

But after the Death and Resurrection

of Christ, millions of martyrs and monks and virgins renounce for His sake pleasures and honors and riches, parents everything, even life itself. And that not in one age or one country alone but in every land illumined by the sun, in all times, even to our own days.

Other men die and with them dies all the strife of which they had been the cause; who indeed can fight with the dead? But the strife against Christ, which began with His life, has been perpetuated from age to age and is now more bitter and fierce than ever. His Passion is repeated and almost in the same way as of old. The deicides have changed their names but their arms and methods are still the same. Caiphas and the Council of the Synagogue is now called the Grand Orient or Free Masonry and carries on its banner the self-same

motto: "War on the Nazarene!" "Let us cut Him off from the land of the living, and let His name be remembered no more." (Jer. 11. 19.) The incestuous Herod, who with his army set Christ at nought, is now represented by the troops of evil livers, "whose God is their belly" as the Apostle says, by the army of wicked writers and actors who by means of bad books and publications and immoral plays mock Christ loading Him with every kind of insult. Pilate also can be found in those who in public tribunals sacrifice Christ, giving Him over to the fury of His enemies. And Cæsar is represented now by Democracy, that is the sovereign people. Barabbas is now the Red Spectre of anarchy represented by Ravachol, Caserii, Bresci and others of the like nature. With this key in hand you can unlock the secrets of contemporary history and

easily learn the boasted science called the philosophy of history.

The modern Pilate is quite anxious to leave Christ in peace, urged even thereto by the admonitions of his wife. But he dare not. He is afraid both of Caiphas and of Cæsar. As Caiphas pretended a great zeal for the interests of Cæsar, so now the Grand Orient, who is probably a Jew, and all the Pharisees of free Masonry cry out: If thou free this man thou art not a liberal nor the friend of the Sovereign people. Therefore Pilate hesitates and sends Christ first to Herod and to his ribald army and then brings forward the spectre of Barabbas armed with dagger and dynamite. He then scourges the Just Man, in Whom he has found no fault, hoping in one way or another to satisfy the exigencies of the conspirators without being forced to go to the extreme length of crucifying

Christ. Having begun to tread the slippery road of concessions, he will soon end by delivering Christ to them, frightened by their repeated cry: "Away with Him, away with Him! Crucify Him!"

But as of old that fearful cry will be followed by the glad Alleluias of the Resurrection.

Pondering all these thoughts, it is impossible not to see and acknowledge that Jesus Christ rises as far above human nature as heaven is above this earth. He is truly the Son of God, "true God of true God, Begotten not made, consubstantial with the Father, by Whom all things were made." His hands stretched out the heavens, guiding the stars through space, tracing a certain path to the wandering earth. He binds the thunder and controls the lightning and with mighty power restrains the waters within their

appointed bounds. Snow and heat and wind and cloud are in His hand. He covers the fields with the harvests of summer and spreads over the earth forests of unknown beauty. The dark curtain of night as well as the glorious pavilion of day are made by Him, at whose word light itself was made. And into the dust of the earth He breathes the breath of life and man becomes a living soul, the masterpiece of creation, only that he may adore and love and serve the God who made him.

Chapter XVII

Conclusion—Submission to Jesus Christ

Looking back for a moment upon all that has hitherto been said, we see that we have considered Jesus Christ under all the chief features which reveal to us His greatness.

We will sum up in the words of Cardinal Ferrata in his conference on Christ Our Redeemer: "Born in a village, of an obscure race, understood by few, persecuted and hated by the majority of mankind, He nevertheless lays His sovereign hand upon

the world and sits as lord and master in the midst of the ages, founding for the benefit of the whole human race the everlasting kingdom of His true and perfect religion. With His Cross, greater and more powerful than all earthly thrones, He finishes the old world and begins a new creation. With His Cross He reveals God to us and the soul and the dignity of man and eternity. With His Cross He changes the current of learning and literature and science and art, and gives a new code of morals, new notions of public and private justice. With His Cross He stays the advance of barbarism and initiates true civilization. Jesus is truly the Son of Man, but through His holy and beautiful humanity His Divine nature shines with radiant splendor just as the presence of the sun is seen through the golden streaks of the sunset clouds.

He is man like us, but pure, innocent, holy: the fairest flower that has ever bloomed on earth and at the same time the splendor of God's glory and the figure of His substance."

What then must we do in His Presence? We must fall upon our faces before Him, crying out: Holy, Holy, Holy! For Thou only art holy, Thou only art Lord, Thou only art most High, O Jesus Christ! with the Holy Ghost, in the glory of God the Father! (Gloria in Excelsis)

Such indeed is He. And we, what are we? What am I? "O Lord. . . I am Thy servant: I am Thy servant and the son of Thy handmaid." (Ps. 115. 16.)

To His greatness, to His supreme sovereignty we owe the homage of our reverence, veneration, adoration and above all our entire subjection. An entire subjection, for the Father

hath given Him absolute and universal dominion over the whole earth: "the Father had given Him all things into His Hands." (John 13. 3.)

Our subjection to Him then must begin in the head, that is submitting our whole mind in perfect subjection to the doctrine of Christ: "bringing into captivity every understanding unto the obedience of Christ." (2 Cor. 10. 5.) Note well the word "every understanding." There must be no corner of our intellect in rebellion against God and His Christ. There must be no restrictions no reserves. The whole doctrine of Christ must be accepted with absolute submission. There must be no imitation of certain religious sects which embrace one doctrine and reject another.

To this submission of the mind must be added the submission of the heart also full and entire. With

Christ there can be no half-hearted service, no sharing of our heart with others for He says: "I am the Lord that love judgment, and hate robbery in a holocaust." (Is. 61. 8.) Even had we a thousand hearts, they would not be enough to serve and love so great a God as He deserves to be loved and served. As our heart is but one and so small, how can we dare to divide it into portions, giving Him only one? Away with such an unworthy thought! Jesus is jealous of our heart, He will not admit of any rival.

The Philistines, having seized the Ark of the Lord in battle, placed it in their temple beside the idol Dagon. But the following morning on entering the temple they found the idol with head and hands broken off, lying prone upon the ground before the Ark. In like manner the Ark of the Lord

will not allow Dagon any place on the altar of our heart. Our whole being must profess absolute and entire submission to Christ.

As His sovereignty has no limits so must our subjection be unlimited, with no reserve of time or place or circumstances. What can one think of those who are devout and religious in private, but affect to be unbelievers and scoffers in society? The mystery is easily explained. Like St. Peter during the Passion of Christ, they are warming themselves in the courtyard of Pilate's house: they are afraid of the two serving women, namely, public opinion and the press; they are terrified lest some free thinker in the club or in society may twit them with being clericals or bigots. "Thou also wast with Jesus the Galilean." (Matt. 26. 69.)

Can our Lord, think you, be in-

different to such conduct? He teaches that a man cannot serve two masters: that he who is not with Him, is against Him, that he who transgresses the law in "one point is become guilty of all." (James 2. 10.) Let us be under no delusion, thinking ourselves sufficiently just because we are not notorious sinners. Remember that to be rejected by God, it will not be necessary to have committed all the evil we might have committed; it will be enough if we have not done all the good that we ought to have done.

In order to be faithful to Christ in every article of our faith, in the practise of all our duties, we must arm ourselves with generous fortitude.

Don Sancho, King of Portugal, at war with a rival, had confided the defense of a fortress to one of his captains, as faithful as he was brave. The siege was sustained with unshaken

constancy. Though reduced to the direst extremity and on the point of dying of starvation, the valiant soldier held out undaunted. Meanwhile King Sancho died, and the commander of the enemy's army at once sent the news to the beleaguered champion. "I do not believe it!" he cried. "It is only a snare laid to make me surrender."

He was allowed then to go to the capital, that he might make sure by seeing with his own eyes the tomb of his king.

The coffin was opened and the faithful captain at the sight of the body of his master fell upon his knees and placed the keys of the city by the dead king's side, exclaiming with tears: "Sire! as long as I believed you to be alive, I suffered all that a man can suffer for the defense of the fortress you confided to my keeping. Now that I see you dead I surrender.

But only to you do I surrender, to you therefore, do I give up the keys."

Christians of this twentieth century, let us also be brave as was this hero. More fortunate than he, we shall never be forced to surrender the fortress for our King cannot die. If our enemies taunt us in the darkest hours, saying that Christ is dead, believe them not. They lie! Jesus Christ was never more alive than after three days spent in the Sepulchre, when He rose gloriously transfigured, in His eternal triumph. No! Jesus Christ cannot die!

On the contrary He is always preparing the biers of his enemies. Julian the Apostate once scornfully asked a Christian: "What is your carpenter of Nazareth doing now?"—"He is making a bier," replied the Christian. It was not long before Julian's despairing cry rang out: "Thou hast con-

quered, O Galilean." The bier was finished.

But it is not only the individual who is obliged to profess submission to Christ. Society also and the whole world owe Him allegiance, "that all the world may be made subject to God," (Rom. 3. 19.) for the Eternal Father gave to His only begotten Son universal dominion over the whole creation, as Christ Himself proclaimed "All power is given to me in heaven and in earth." (Matt. 28. 18.)

This doctrine has been unfortunately too often scornfully rejected by modern society. It has thrown off the chains binding it in subjection to Christ and to His Church, and like a youth emancipating himself from tutelage, it cries out in pride: "Let us break their bonds asunder: and let us cast away their yoke from us." (Ps. 2. 3.)

Breaking away from Christ and

pursuing new idols, it has given itself up entirely to them, and has deserved the reproach which Jeremias cast at the daughter of Sion: "Thou hast prostituted thyself to many lovers." (Jer. 3. 1.)

It has made a God of naturalism, substituting nature abandoned to its own light and strength for the faith of Christ and His divine grace which raises man from the natural to the supernatural order.

Instead of hope, by which the soul is lifted into regions of the future life won for us by the merits of Christ, it fills itself with the vilest sensuality, which knows no good nor evil but what falls under the senses "is of the earth earthy."

For true Christian charity it substitutes a base egotism, which it sometimes cloaks under a mantle of purely natural philanthrophy.

Instead of the dependence that peoples and nations owe to Him who is "King of Kings, and Lord of Lords," (Apoc. 19. 16.) it has set up Liberalism, with its watchword—the separation of Church and state. Such are the chief gods which have usurped the place of Christ in the heart of modern society. And what has it profited by these gods?

In proportion as it has strayed away from Christ, the fountain of all good, it has suffered every kind of evil. Internal tranquillity, external security, public order, have departed. The road has been thrown open to suicides and murders and crimes of all kinds. The fountains of true wisdom have run dry, even the sources of material riches have failed. Agitation in hearts, misery in homes, socialism everywhere rampant, such are the bitter fruits resulting from the

revolt of society against Christ. How well had the prophet foretold these things! "Know thou and see, that it is an evil and bitter thing for thee, to have left the Lord thy God." (Jer. 2. 19.)

And where is a remedy to be found for all these evils? Is it to be sought in the gods which are so dear to the hearts of this corrupt society? "Where are the gods whom thou hast made thee: let them arise and deliver thee in the time of thy affliction." (Jer. 2. 28.) Alas! these gods have ruined society, they are powerless to save it.

In one God alone is there deliverance: "neither is there salvation in any other." (Acts 4. 12.) The self-same Jesus, whom it has so shamefully abandoned, calls it—offering it pardon and grace. "Thou hast prostituted thyself to many lovers: never-

theless, return to me saith the Lord, and I will receive thee." (Jer. 3. 1.) He not only calls it, but also pursues it as it flies from Him: as a loving father who sees his beloved daughter madly rushing to throw herself over the precipice, he follows her, crying out to her: "Why will you die, O house of Israel?" (Ezech. 18. 31.) He discovers His heart to her. "Behold this Heart," He says, "which has so loved men:" in It alone is life, salvation, happiness.

"I desire not the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God: return ye and live." (Ezech. 18. 32.)

Surely this return is not far distant. There are signs of it in the reawakening of faith, in the gathering together round the successor of St. Peter of pilgrims from the four quarters of the globe. There is a movement, a revival, a cry of many hearts, turn-

ing to Jesus Christ with the words of the disciples: "Lord, save us, we perish." (Matt. 8. 25.)

God grant that this movement be the forerunner of the universal movement, which will bring back society, in adoration and submission to the feet of Christ.

It behooves us to hasten that blessed day by prayer, beseeching the Lord to have compassion upon this poor blind world, which if it has greatly sinned, has also greatly suffered, which in all its faults has also found its severest chastisement.

To prayer we must add the practise of Christian virtue, works of expiation and reparation, and use all the means the Church provides for drawing down God's blessing upon the world. So that from the whole earth one cry alone shall rise to the glory of Christ: "To the King of ages,

immortal, invisible, the only God, be honor and glory for ever and ever!" (1 Tim. 1. 17.)

And so ends my modest little work for the honor of our Saviour Jesus Christ. In laying aside my pen a feeling of regret, rather than of complacency, takes hold of me. It was so joyful a task to speak of Thee, my Jesus! proclaiming Thy ineffable Goodness, Thy adorable Sanctity, Thy Infinite Greatness! How quickly sped the hours, devoted to these pages! They were a solace in the midst of other labors. Where now shall I find compensation for this lost delight? "How dry is my spiritual food, unless moistened with this oil! How insipid unless seasoned with this salt! No book pleases me, unless I read Jesus therein, no speaking charms, unless throughout I hear His voice." (St. Bernard.)

My brethren! you who have pa-

tiently followed me so far, pray for me as I pray for you, that Jesus may be ever the Beloved of our hearts in life, the desire of our souls in death, our joy and happiness exceeding great throughout all eternity.

Amen.

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